

THE  
DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1851.

NOTES OF EXCURSIONS.—NO. III.

GLIMPSSES OF BERKSHIRE SCENERY.

ONE word preliminary, touching scenery. The clever Howadji, in his summer chronicles of the present season, has laid it down, a little perhaps too generally, that, except in cases of overpowering sublimity (a mountain or an ocean being abundantly able to take care of itself), a certain finessing of art applied to landscape is necessary previous to an adequate, say a gentleman's appreciation of nature. In illustration of this he contrasts the Lake of Como with Lake George. The conditions claimed for the former, the "orange terraces and lemons and oleanders, under sumptuous chestnuts and funereal cypresses and ponderous pines, under these and all that they imply of luxurious palaces, marble balusters, steps, statues, vases, and fountains," may be readily granted as things not possessed ordinarily by American landscape, and in so far as they are useful things in their way, the scenery which is without them lacks that particular order of excellence. Now there are various other orders, which may exist entirely independent of any of these artificialities. Something can be said for American scenery, *versus* the landscape gardener. Man, it is well known to moralists and those who have much to do with human nature, shuns perfection. He is not satisfied with it in a book, universally pronouncing insipid those heroes of fiction who are faultless monsters of virtue. This is doubtless owing to his love of liberty, which is so strong as to spurn civilization, and, at times, overthrow all restraints of right and honor. In things indifferent his desire for freedom is naturally, in a sound healthy constitution, a constantly acting power. He is always seeking to get away, forget it or disguise it by what contrivances he will, from all conventionalisms. He is stifled by arts and refinements and takes refuge with rudeness itself: as, in the old Indian wars of the country the captive, from a class, the western pioneers, whom one would think to have had liberty enough, not unfrequently became enamored of savage life and chose for himself the freedom of his wild conquerors. Hence the "low" tastes in this matter of society, of men like Burne and Fielding. In the company of nature, which is supposed to be a refuge and solace

for the overworn and wearied, is it not requisite that a certain wildness and ruggedness should be found? Would we be content with parks and fountains and grounds brought to the highest state of artistic cultivation? Would it not have the same effect upon us of weariness and satiety which the too orderly arranged objects of a costly drawing-room excite? All is expense, luxury, and, perhaps, positive convenience. There is a reason and a use for everything, but the whole equipment is oppressive. It is a too easy couch upon which we cannot sleep. It is the too even elegance of a grammarian's model style—the pattern essay of a rhetorician—Sterne's pictures where all the angles are right angles. Now to introduce this arrangement into the scenes of nature, to plant a tree here for its beauty and there for its sublimity, to have feeling measured and graded by the foot-rule of a gardener, even when it is done with good artistic taste, is to oppress us out of doors with the indoor feeling from which we would escape. We want the variety of a blunder or fault, we want to get away from the amateur to his raw material; we prefer nature unadorned—we need, to sum up all in a word, room for the imagination. Place for this imperial monarch! The imagination works by escaping from the confinement of regularity through a broken hedge as it were. It must get out somehow. The art is not to be denied, or its value, but it is misplaced. It is too plausible, like the conversation and writings of men, Macaulay for instance, who are so natty and well fenced in with statements and arguments that they leave us no power of thinking, suggest nothing but themselves, always radiate back self from their artfully-placed mirrors. There is great light, splendor, and illumination, but it is a magician's fire, which holds us powerless prisoners in the centre. We think this would be the effect of the prosperous conditions of the Lake of Como introduced into the American system of nature. Let us rather have its barrenness, its rudeness, its monotony, if you please to call it so.

A secondary association with these artificial delights is very unfavorable to manly

enjoyment. It is the idea of expense, and consequently exclusiveness, with which they are more or less invested. It is man's work which is made too obtrusively evident. We think not of nature, but of Mr. Smith's fine show place, and are put out by Mr. Smith's reason for planting his pines on a particular spot. We see the proprietor nervous, restless, fidgety. If he is a small man he is sure to be all this. If he is a man of large calibre the pains which he will take to ward off suspicion of these usual concomitants of improved landed proprietorship will produce a similar uncomfortable result. But let rude nature prevail, as at Lake George, many parts of the Hudson, and particularly in the Massachusetts Berkshire scenery, and you are safe. The moral value of preserving this is not to be too lightly estimated for the American. Primitive nature is our relief and succor from the oppressive luxuries and over-civilization of the old world. The wild forest is nature's bond for simplicity and mental hardihood. It is the corrective of the fast corrupting life of the cities.

The imagination is superior to the fact, and the best of nature is but a collection of broken materials for a loftier structure.

The mere picturesque, the desire of summer city tourists, is one of the feeblest virtues of a landscape. There are other conditions before it, and chiefly the great American characteristic of breadth. There can be nothing inferior in the vast sweeping masses of our scenery—or the constant grandeur of our numerous woods and waters. They may be little varied in detail, though a great deal might be said about that, but they have the universal sky above them and the sunlight will provide for them. Has it ever struck the reader how fortunate a circumstance it is that there are no landscape gardeners for the clouds, that science has not *as yet* touched the heavens?

Let the tasteful preservative influences of art be cherished in the care of our woods and fields; but let us seek for something simpler, grander, nearer the unfettered impulses of humanity than a garden.

Berkshire scenery is not certainly much cultivated. The poverty of the soil, the rugged elements forbid many amateur efforts. Yet it is worthy to gladden and cheer the heart of man, to inspire with its healthful airs courage and resolution, and still tutor the eye to delicate and harmonious perceptions. It has not that order of trained beauty to create rapturous dilettantes, but it affords nourishment for the spirit of a living man.

For its elements of beauty we would class foremost the distances, with the atmospheric

effects of its hills and mountains, including the cloud vapors and mists of the valleys. These are of infinite gradations. Obviously they are to be hinted at and "noted" rather than described. If you could convey with them the elasticity of the native air!

We must content ourselves, therefore, with a few fragmentary allusions.

The drives about Berkshire are, from any advantageous point, and there are many such, as Great Barrington, Stockbridge, Lenox, Williamstown and numerous others, with many, "Yarrows" to us, "unvisited," of great interest and variety. The lake upon which the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne looks out at Lenox is exceedingly beautiful in its proportions and the relative disposition of the mountains. It has the cool freshness and life of some of our larger waters, with a more delicate sylvan beauty. The view partakes of the general breadth and expansiveness of American scenery, aided by the cold dry atmosphere, qualities which separate the landscape from the more limited, but softer lake country in England. The Pontoosuc Lake near Pittsfield has still an air of exquisite repose fringed by its soft pines. It is not too large for simple beauty; its waters are pellucid, and it winds gracefully, followed by several gentle shaded turnings of the road. Seen from the rounded summit of the Constitution Hill beyond, it blends admirably with the woodland and the majestic mountain setting on all sides.

The water of the Housatonic, for the upper part of its course, is but a large brook, now enriching the more fertile meadows in a narrow channel, but commonly glancing and dazzling in its descent in a shallow stream over courses of rock, of a cool rich brown, and sparkling to the sunlight in crested eddies, or to borrow an epithet from Milton, "crisped" water. It is a pleasant foreground to a picture, as our artists know, with the purple evening distance of the western Taconic.

This Taconic range is crossed by many delightful roads. Can we forget the day's excursion with two pleasantly named and to be named authors, whose *Scarlet Letters* and *White Jackets* are gleaming here and there about the world in the light of quickening fancies, as we skirted the hills—

Through those windings and that shade, ascending to their tops by a bowered unfenced path, the spray of the branches over us, one while looking down into ravines upon the heads of lofty growing trees, and surely, at the last, breaking forth upon some open prospect of wide cultivation, nestling village, and ever ascending mountain

background. Such was the sight that day from the wild mountain road of the Richmond Valley as the shadows of evening were gathering, and still, dim repose succeeded to the pomp of the summer sky.

We had pleasant noontide shelter, too, in a grove of maples, among which the light glanced brightly to hope-inspiring, cheerful talk.

Mr. Bryant's muse, a "Mountain nymph," was born among these hills and has learnt no effeminacy among them.

At another time we were among the Eastern range where the Gulf Road leads off from Pittsfield—a wild picturesque defile, of rock and mossy forest, where lives a bounteous spring, ever to be remembered through sultry years, of the "ice brook's temper." A draggling thunder cloud threatened to overtake us, shading the wide area backward from the hills in rare sublimity—but we had the timely shelter of the barn by the wayside, and were snugly nested in its hay loft, the rain pattering on its roof, gentlest of summer's sounds.

We never tired of the company of the Elms, of the contrasts of character in each, or of the variety among themselves. Here one stood "severe in youthful beauty," pencilled with delicate green and virgin foliage, while other trees of the forest grew dull and autumnal. There stood the guardian genius of the region, the Jupiter of the primeval wood, the Great Elm of Pittsfield, occupying its position in the heart of the town green, looking down from its well-built height with contempt upon the flimsy architectural pretences around. Wisely have the directors of the Agricultural Bank of the place chosen its lofty stem for the vignette to their bills—an inspirer of strength and confidence. It rises one hundred and twenty-eight feet in height, of which ninety feet extend from the base, unbroken by foliage, to the lowermost limbs. Its trunk is thirteen feet nine inches in circumference, so that three persons must be joined hand in hand to encircle it. Even at the first settlement of the township, before William Pitt had succeeded to the Indian honors of Poontoosuck, it was a wondrous tree, selected by the inhabitants from the wide devastation of the axe. When the news of the Battle of Lexington was borne hither, with rapid foot and unfaltering voice, at its foot was marshalled the select band for the service of the revolution. They stood, doubtless, firm as their old sound-hearted friend of the wood. And long after the victory was won, when peace had crowned its splendid triumphs with the unchecked and hitherto unsurpassed growth of freemen, a Berkshire soldier of the war

came to meet his commander and friend, La Fayette, standing beneath the old Elm.\* Who knows what secret influences the tree may have infused into the calvinistic republicanism of the stout and reverend Thomas Allen, who first exhorted the tory enemy and then fought them. The elm, indeed, has a Puritan rigor, as if stiffened and lopped by the early religious rigidity of the place—wearing none of the dissipated languor of the drooping foliage of the younger members of the family planted in more nutritious soil. It is black and melancholy, with its stern shaft—bearing the marks of its third century—while of late it has been scarred with the seam of a deep wound. The elm has its Titanic sufferings. It was struck by lightning, rent and maimed, one summer day, the thirtieth of June, eighteen hundred and forty-one. It must fall and become a tradition—seemingly now, a fit emblem of that use which its name suggests in England, which Hood has consecrated in mournful verse and which Spenser calls to mind on the death of Sidney in his "Friend's Passion for his Astrophel."

The tree that coffins doth adorn,  
With stately height threatening the sky.

There are other varieties of the elms of Pittsfield, unsaintly fellows, their luxurious falling foliage drunken and enervate, as if after some midnight carouse, drily rebuked by the dusty highway. It is this union of strength and effeminacy which is so fascinating in the elm. It is the touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin—power and weakness. The firmness of the trunk, with the airy lightness of the foliage, seemed always fit emblem of the true manly character, sound in principle, ever graceful, and yielding in ornament. Nor should we forget the elm on one green lawn, "a carpet all alive." At early morning its long thin shade pencilled its dial mark on the sward; at noon it gathered up its robe to its foot, and like Jeremy Taylor's image of charity, the candle, light to all the world, dark only at home to its own perfections, it furnished its circle of shade and coolness to the weary, stretching its roots for easy reclining; later in the day it flung its shadow proudly off, a huge balloon on the meadow, tethered to the parent trunk by a few delicate lines; at eve, the day and morning met together in its signals, nor was its coquetry interrupted, save when clouds, or rain, or night clothed it in other beauties, or mist invested it with Ossianic grandeur.

The proof of a pudding is the eat-

\* Gov. Brigg's speech at the Berkshire Jubilee.



ing. The proof of a landscape is its power of nourishing the heart and head. What wits does it breed, what intellects does it harbor, what men make it their refuge? It is a question these hills, if asked, might answer.

Though cotton manufactures do not prosper as formerly in Berkshire, one of the uses to which the great staple is ultimately put has been suddenly stimulated by the county. Under the shadow of Monument Mountain, Mr. James, the novelist, stables those two famous steeds whose black hoofs have left their impress on so many a fair page. He is not insensible to Berkshire scenery. He claims inspiration from it in the pictures of his last novel, dated at Stockbridge. "A good deal of laudatory matter," he says, "has been written upon the landscape-painting propensities of the author; and one reviewer, writing in Blackwood's Magazine, has comprehended and pointed out what has always been one of that author's especial objects in describing mere scenes of inanimate nature. In the following pages I have indulged very little in descriptions of this kind; but here, as everywhere else, I have ever endeavored to treat the picture of any particular place or scene with a reference to a man's heart, or mind, or fate—his thoughts, his feelings, his destiny—and to bring forth, as it were, the latent sympathies between human and mere material nature. There is, to my mind, a likeness (a shadowing forth—a symbolism) in all the infinite variations which we see around us in the external world, to the

changeable ideas, sensations, sentiments—as infinite and as varied—of the world of human life; and I cannot think that the scenes I have visited, or the sights that I have seen, in this portion of the earth—the richness, the beauty, the grandeur, the sublimity—can have been without influence upon myself; can have left the pages of nature here a sealed book to one who has studied their bright, mysterious character so diligently in other lands."

Miss Sedgwick, as is well known to all readers of American literature, is there, and near by arose for the world, doubtless, first painted on the mists of the valley, the vision of The House with the Seven Gables. Herman Melville, in the vistas of his wood and the long prospective glance from his meadows to the mountains, blends the past and the future on his fancy-sprinkled page. Holmes, at his pink-buff cottage, sharpens his pointed verses in the keen mountain air. It is decidedly a quill-driving region. Nor is the heart frozen by its wintry snows. What avails the intellect if it is not the quickener of the generous deed. Aliens are they to the influences of the spot in whose breasts kindness is not a spontaneous law. We certainly did not meet with such, nor can we close these brief memorials of a summer excursion without acknowledging that a richer mantle than the imperial purple of the mountains is the mantle of human love, worn by the people of their shelter.

"The rest be works of Nature's wonderment,  
But this the work of Heart's astonishment."

E. A. D.

#### ALBAN.

ALBAN is an unfinished novel. Dr. Huntington rewards the patience of his readers at the end of five hundred pages with the promise of a forthcoming sequel, shortly to appear. The present bulky instalment of the entire book is, therefore, to be regarded only as one of the *disjecta membra* of a vast undeveloped system and succession of works of fiction by which the author of Lady Alice and Alban proposes to put down Protestantism in New England, and restore that misguided region to the true Roman Catholic faith.

It would be doing injustice to Alban to call it a religious novel. It is more than religious and more than a novel. It unites the profundity of a theological treatise with the seductive frivolity of a Parisian *feuilleton*.

The author discards anything like plot and system in his story, but presents his characters in a series of situations which serve the double purpose of displaying his powers of description and elucidating obscure doctrines and dogmas of the church, and troublesome points in theology generally. At the same time, lest the main ingredient should be too substantial and heavy for the taste of novel readers, he takes care to serve it up with *sauce piquante* of the most pungent flavor. The mixture of sacred science and profane sentiment which his pages present reminds one of a hermit mixing punch, or a Capuchin friar preaching repentance and the virtues of a holy life in a *salle de danse* on the Bouvards, and diverting himself between his periods with a whirl on the floor with the



prettiest grisette in the crowd. The ease with which our author passes from the voluptuous description of a passionate Jewish beauty in half undress, to an analysis of the sacramental mysteries of the church of Rome, shows a versatility and power which are not often exemplified in the field of light literature, and which evince rare qualifications for the crusade against meeting-houses, chapels, and Common Prayer-books, which he has undertaken in Alban.

The heroine of this tale of the New World, Miss Mary De Groot, begins life and the novel as an Unitarian; between ten o'clock and one o'clock on a Christmas eve, in a bewitching night toilette, she devotes herself to a careful investigation of the comparative merits of that system of theology with the Anglican and Roman, and the result is that about midnight her transition into the bosom of Mother church is completed by the sound of the Christmas carols outside of her window. This gives the author an opportunity of a bit of his favorite bedroom description, intermixed with a little theology:—

"The white dimity curtains of bed and window in the young guest's room had a cold but virginal air, like the white Marseilles quilt, in spite of the thick blankets it covered. She herself looked the same in her clean (Thursday) night-gear, the dark hair low and smooth on her pure brow, and holding out one of her rosy feet to the fire, working its little toes, like an infant's, in the warmth. The toes were pretty enough to have rings on them, or bells, like the aged heroine's in the nursery rhyme,

'With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes;'

but Mary De Groot had none even on the former, i. e. no rings. Her virgin hands were absolved from all ornament save their own beauty, not only when undressed, as now, but at all times.

"After playing thus awhile as a child might, without aim, and so serenely that she might seem either an angel or quite soulless, she suddenly turned round from the fire to her chair, assumed her little maidenly wrapper, thrust the fairy feet into their dear little slippers, and seated herself at a little table or stand, whereon were placed her candle and the 'Chapel Liturgy.' Having read the preface intently, bending down upon it in a very school-girl fashion, like as if she had been conning a lesson, she looked up and said aloud:

"My Unitarian friends excuse the alterations that they have made in adapting the Episcopal Prayer-book to their own use, on the same ground which the Episcopalians allege to justify the changes in their own service, from the old English Book of Common Prayer; and both cite the latter itself.' Looks at the book and

reads—"Every particular Church has a right to ordain, change, and abolish ceremonies or rites of the Church, ordained only by man's authority, so that all be done to edifying.' What more reasonable! I declare, I should like to see what changes the American Episcopalians have made from the English Prayer-book. That should be very instructive to a little girl like me.'

"To think and do were the same thing with Miss Mary De Groot. She rose quickly, drew the silken cords of her wrapper tighter round her waist, tripped with her candle to the chamber-door, and peeped out into the corridor. Mr. Everett's boots lay outside his door—'After all, he is only an old bachelor!' said the girl of sixteen, and fluttered down stairs. She is in the library with her candle.

"Now, how in the name of goodness am I to find it? Who knows if Mr. Everett has got one? Ah, here is the Theology—sermons—Channing, Clarke, Newcome, Tillotson—ah, here it is! But my! it is a thick quarto—big enough for a church! Oh, here is another that is smaller—never been used, I guess. Oh, Mr. James, you are not very devout! And the American Prayer-book close by it, not near so well bound. I must have them both, Mr. James.'

"She returned exultingly with her prizes. The beautifully bound 'Common Prayer,' when unclasped, lay open of itself on the broad quarto page of the Chapel Liturgy; the rigid American Prayer-book she held in one hand. She must spring up again to fetch from a drawer a well-worn volume of the pocket size—the Manual of devotions which had belonged to her Catholic mother. It was in French, and contained among other things the ordinary of the Mass, with a translation in parallel columns. So the young girl began to collate and compare with a grave and singular patience, having the old Roman Mass—the venerable Liturgy of St. Peter, and much of the daily Office, at one extreme, and the Socinian Chapel Liturgy at the other, as the final result of Protestant improvements. In a very short time, perplexed by having so much before her at once, she devoted herself to those changes made by the American Episcopalians, in regard to which her curiosity had been primarily excited.

"What singular alterations are these!" she exclaimed aloud, in her way. 'What could have possessed the people to make them! How vulgar, how unpoetical;—really—how impure they are!—' She put both her little hands before her blushing face, as if her delicacy had been shocked.—'Oh, if I were an Episcopalian and knew that these things had been changed so, I should feel so ashamed!'

"As she got on she grew more excited and perplexed. Here was the creed of St. Athanasius, which the Church of England ordered to be read on all the great Feasts, cast out of the American Prayer-book altogether. 'Is it because it takes away all hope of salvation from

us poor Unitarians? How kind in the American Episcopal Church to decline pronouncing so severe a sentence! Oh, Mr. Soapstone! you ought not to be so hard upon us since your Church will not say that we shall be condemned. Really how precise this Creed is on that point! '*He that will be saved, must thus think of the Trinity.*' '*Which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.*' 'Well, I like that,' said Mary, characteristically. 'We know what we have to expect. If, after such a warning we persist in being heretics, we shall have nobody to blame but ourselves when we are sent to a bad place.'"

Alban, the hero, is the friend and confidant of this young lady. He is the author's type of a sincere young man who has been visited with the calamity of baptism, which is no baptism in a New England meeting-house, and conversion which is not conversion in a Connecticut revival, and who is anxious to extricate himself from the Presbyterian corruptions and whited sepulchreism of New England. This unfortunate victim of Puritan heresy is a little hypocrite at page 60, all owing to his juvenile Congregationalism; at page 89 he becomes morbidly sceptical, the results of a couple of years at Yale College; further on he gets to be a sort of incipient Jew, the natural result, according to our author, of his previous experience; so that upon this theory every sincere Presbyterian is an undeveloped Hebrew. Alban's theoretical Judaism, however, is mainly attributable to splendid Miss Miriam Seixas, to whose personal attractions are devoted as many pages as can be spared from graver topics. Simultaneously with a discovery that he is not in love with this lady, a discovery which is made in her boudoir in the Seixas mansion in State street, near the Battery, and after Miss Miriam has attempted to stab herself with a Turkish dagger, "hilted," of course, "with rubies," Alban discovers that he is not a Jew after all, and that the synagogue has been only a stopping-place on his way to the cathedral. And so this religious Ravel goes on, balancing on the tight rope of scepticism, sectarianism, and heterodoxy, until, after a long and perilous ascent, he arrives safely at Popery, amidst trumpets and fireworks.

Doubtless there is such a thing as a sincere struggle after truth; it goes on daily in the lives of very many men; with some it ends, no doubt, in the unquestioning repose of Romanism—but that this is its only, or its legitimate finale, is not to be established by the experience of a coxcomical Sophomore, whom a Miriam waltzes into the faith of the Rabbis, and a Mary allures,

by modest virginal graces, to mass and the confessional. So unstable an inquirer after truth would be too apt to be a Mahometan in the society of Zoe or Zuleika, and to make himself, what Dr. Huntington's neophyte displays, a wonderful facility of becoming all things to all—women. Besides, the Doctor upsets his moral by his hero's want of morals. He is a profound philosopher upon every point of ecclesiastical learning and church history and doctrine; his logic poses the New Haven doctors, and doubters, and dissenters, but in a drawing-room he is a prodigious puppy, and the young ladies who have the misfortune of his miscellaneous and semi-sacerdotal attentions, need in an especial manner the protection of fraternal horsewhips.

But Alban's conversion to Romanism is only the beginning of his career. He is "rusticated" by the New Haven professors (Puritan persecutors), to the village of Carmel and the family of worthy Parson Cove, whose house he immediately discovers to be in the possession of evil spirits. It is infested by rappings from garret to cellar; all the furniture in the house, and one junk bottle in particular, keep up a most marvellous system of unauthorized gyrations. The Presbyterian minister prays to no purpose; a high church clergyman in full canonicals reads the service in the parlor, but the most vindictive rappings and demonstrations ensue; the Rev. Mr. Soapstone's surplice takes fire, the great family Bible is upset, and the clergyman's horse runs away pell mell. At this crisis a travelling monk happens in, and his arrival provokes new ebullitions on the part of the rappers. But their reign is over. He fathoms the mystery, exorcises the evil spirits, sprinkles the house with holy water, cures the possessed child, and stops the raps.

All this is symbolical of the present corrupt and impure state of Puritan New England, and of the only means that can save it. This is the first time, in our recollection, that the rappings have been elevated from newspaper paragraphs to the pages of romance. Their satisfaction at this sudden promotion probably accounts for their being so much louder and more remarkable in Dr. Huntington's novel than they were ever known to be anywhere else.

At this point the book stops, and here we may draw a long breath. We have been a little minute in our details of its plan, because we wish to avoid the suspicion of a criticism without a perusal; and besides, because we have no intention whatever of reading or reviewing the sequel. Having accomplished Alban we shall consider our-

selves relieved from further duty, and entitled to a certificate of honorable discharge.

There is no particular objection that we are aware of to a story of religious experience, any more than any other interesting or instructive experience, provided the purpose is pure and the execution honest. But we are at a loss to conjecture why it is that the religious novelist, while in his aim and moral he professes to deal with the most substantial verities, should, more than any other writer of fiction, assume a greater latitude and wider license in dealing with the facts and realities of life or social manners to which he resorts for the materials of his tale. If a novel is good for nothing else, at least it may be praiseworthy for its fidelity of description, and its truth to nature; it may make up for its other differences by a painstaking accuracy in reproducing the actual phase of human life which it undertakes to represent. The novelist has a right to make his characters what he pleases, and dispose of them as he likes; and he has a right to imagine and invent, if necessary for his purpose, new states of existence and manners; but when he affects to deal with things as they really are, and to paint the portrait of an actual society and not the fanciful creation of his own brain, he has no more right to misrepresent or misstate than the historian has to falsify the facts of history. For instance, an author who lays the scene of a romance in this city at the present day, would never imagine that he could describe his characters as usually conversing in the Spanish language, or eating their food with chopsticks, or dressing their heads with powder. These are extreme cases, but they illustrate the principle; the test of an author's merit in such matters is found in his regard or disregard of more minute details, where mistake might be less glaring but more dishonest.

The author of *Alban* is capable of accurate and vivid description, but the present work betrays either a great lack of knowledge or an unfortunate distortion of facts. He is as much out of his way in his exag-

gerated pictures of New York magnificence and luxury sixteen years ago, as in his representations of the social manners of the same period. No New York gentleman of the old or new school ever sat for the portrait of Mr. De Groot, the millionaire of Fifth avenue; nor any decent young woman for the confiding heroine of the story. To point his moral the author overadorns his tale with absurdities in the way of description, and overloads it with incidents which are no less absurd than disgusting. The author of this novel has acquired some reputation as a writer of fiction, from his previous work, *Lady Alice*, a brilliant but extravagant and objectionable book, both in style and spirit. *Alban* will not add to his reputation. Were it more entertaining as a story and less offensive to good taste, it would still fail to attract or interest its readers, except as a curious exhibition of feeling and opinion. It does not require any uncommon penetration to detect beneath the veil of fiction by which they are covered the motive or spirit of the book. New Englandism and Protestantism are open enough to fair attack without requiring a resort to sneers and sarcasm in a fashionable novel. There are superstition, and fanaticism, and hypocrisy in New England as well as in Old England, and in old Rome, and everywhere in the world; but we do not believe that the tendency of Puritanism is the ruin of all the young men and women who are born under its shadow, or the heartless hypocrisy which the author of *Alban* has discovered. At all events, that portion of the reading public for whose special benefit this book is put forth, who are not disposed to avoid topics and literature which involve questions of religious opinion, will be inclined to think that sneers at Prayer-meetings, and ridicule of Revivals, and contempt at piety in any of its forms, dangerous and disagreeable, at the best, are especially so when they come with the added odor of impurity which taints and pervades the present work.

---

*"There are many things done now in the law at great expense by private individuals, which ought to be done for all by officers of the State. It is as if each individual had to make a road for himself whenever he went out, instead of using the King's highway."*—*The Claims of Labour*, by Mr. Helps.



## FARDELISM.

If the Constitution prohibits Government from conferring titles of nobility, our colleges seem of late to have taken the responsibility in conferring them, in a theological and literary sense.

Every annual commencement with the most in our institutions of learning brings an increase to the list of our learned men. The enthusiasm is so great among the small fry to add their quota to the list, that the number of degrees usually conferred extra in Law, Divinity, and the Arts, is equal sometimes to the graduating class. The less unknown the institution is generally, the more honorary titles it confers. This whole system of conferring degrees in our colleges has got to be such a burlesque on all true merit and learning, as rather to excite our sympathy in behalf of the individual who receives one, and contempt for the institution that confers it.

Many of our wealthy and respectable churches have been so long accustomed to hear Doctors, that they almost regard with suspicion the ability and claims of a minister to preach to them, unless he has been Doctored; and reporters generally, in giving the speech of a Reverend, take for granted that the distinguished orator who made so eloquent an address is, of course, a Doctor, and accordingly confer the degree.

The degrees of Doctor of Divinity and Laws, from too great freedom in their use, have got to be but an inferior quality of literary gingerbread, passed round indiscriminately by our colleges, *pro bono publico*; while the titles of A.B. and A.M. conferred in many cases, answer very well in public opinion for a nominal distinction between Fresh and Graduates.

The first degrees conferred originated in the universities of Paris and Bologna, and were designed only for those who taught; but it would seem at present, from their great abundance and the increased number of candidates, that we live in an age of great intellectual profundity; and that no people of modern times can compare with us in the number of our great and learned men. So many of the ministerial order have received lately the honorary degree of Doctor (about fifty), that it would seem to be insinuating something rather indelicate to the feelings of the unfortunate few, if they are not also varnished. And we therefore recommend, since the Constitution positively declares

that all men are born free and equal, that they immediately be Doctored.

That a degree should be regarded as an indication of intellectual character, it ought to be, as near as possible, a criterion of ability and scholarship; but our degrees indicate this but imperfectly. They are often conferred upon men on taking certain public positions and assuming certain duties and responsibilities which, if they had never done, no one would have thought of elongating their names with a title. When a president or a professor is chosen in one of our colleges, another, either from good feelings or motives connected with its interest, confers immediately some high-sounding title. If one of the Reverend order should become pastor of some wealthy and influential church, or should write a few essays for some theological or literary review, or edit some classical work, he is with general approbation entitled to Doctor of Divinity; and if some politician makes a successful speech in Congress on the higher law, and the moral obligation to preserve the Union, or delivers a few orations on education, and kindred subjects, before mechanical or agricultural associations, he receives instant from all colleges in the land the learned title of L.L.D.

These titles, in fact, have got to be so common, instead of having dignity and worth attached to them, they are very much like CAPTAIN among the Militia. In the London University the ordinary college degrees are conferred, not by the professors, but by men chosen for this purpose, who are well known for eminent qualifications in their various professions.

If this system was adopted in our literary institutions, and their work as unscrupulously and vigorously examined, society and science in general would not suffer so much from the pretensions and impositions of professional quacks. This independence on the part of the examiners will secure confidence and thoroughness in public opinion, and will be the proper means of furnishing able and efficient men for all positions and professions in life. Then our degrees, instead of being like the shield of the Chinese, having the appearance of substantial metal, but stuffed with straw and paper, will be like the armor of the Greek, possessing appropriate fitness and utility; and he who holds them will be entitled to just honor and respect for their possession.

TIMON.

## DE QUINCEY'S REMINISCENCES.

THERE is no reading of its class more charming than De Quincey's sketches of his literary life, and particularly his recollections of his contemporaries. He writes of them as a man who loves his profession of literature and holds its delicate processes in tenderness and esteem, yet without a particle of obtrusiveness or affectation. For the most part an enthusiast, his style being always warmed by an ardent temperament, he is yet subtle, critical, and discriminating. We have before noticed, in these volumes of the American, and only edition of his collected writings, the grace with which he winds into a subject, in a species of philosophical narrative blending the fact with the sentiment, and illuminating the theme throughout. His ingenuity is his marked trait. It perhaps leads him occasionally to over-fine-spun deductions from indifferent circumstances, into a kind of philosophizing for the sake of philosophizing, as in his elaborate picture of his first interview with Charles Lamb at a desk of the East India House. The finesse of descending from that elevated seat is painful. If touched upon at all, by most writers, any notice of such an incident would have been simply humorously stated. With De Quincey it is the text for a philosophical dissertation. He presents himself with a letter to Lamb, with the object (this was in 1804) of learning something of Coleridge:—

## CHARLES LAMB AT THE INDIA HOUSE.

"But first let me describe my brief introductory call upon him at the India House. I had been told that he was never to be found at home except in the evenings; and to have called then would have been, in a manner, forcing myself upon his hospitalities, and at a moment when he might have confidential friends about him; besides that, he was sometimes tempted away to the theatres. I went, therefore, to the India House; made inquiries amongst the servants; and, after some trouble (for *that* was early in his Leadenhall street career, and, possibly, he was not much known), I was shown into a small room, or else a small section of a large one (thirty-four years affects one's remembrance of some circumstances), in which was a very lofty writing-desk, separated by a still higher railing from that part of the floor on which the profane—the laity, like myself—were allowed to approach the *clerus*, or clerically rulers of the room. Within the railing sat, to the best of my remembrance, six quill-driving gentlemen; not gentlemen whose duty or profession it was

merely to drive the quill, but who were then driving it—*gens de plume*, such *in esse*, as well as *in posse*—in act as well as habit; for, as if they supposed me a spy, sent by some superior power, to report upon the situation of affairs as surprised by me, they were all too profoundly immersed in their oriental studies to have any sense of my presence. Consequently, I was reduced to a necessity of announcing myself and my errand. I walked, therefore, into one of the two open doorways of the railing, and stood closely by the high stool of him who occupied the first place within the little aisle. I touched his arm, by way of recalling him from his lofty Leadenhall speculations to this sublunary world; and, presenting my letter, asked if that gentlemen (pointing to the address) were really a citizen of the present room; for I had been repeatedly misled, by the directions given me, into wrong rooms. The gentleman smiled; it was a smile not to be forgotten. This was Lamb. And here occurred a *very, very* little incident—one of those which pass so fugitively that they are gone and hurrying away into Lethe almost before your attention can have arrested them; but it was an incident which, to me, who happened to notice it, served to express the courtesy and delicate consideration of Lamb's manners. The seat upon which he sat was a very high one; so absurdly high, by the way, that I can imagine no possible use or sense in such an altitude, unless it were to restrain the occupant from playing truant at the fire, by opposing Alpine difficulties to his descent.

"Whatever might be the original purpose of this aspiring seat, one serious dilemma arose from it, and this it was which gave the occasion to Lamb's act of courtesy. Somewhere there is an anecdote, meant to illustrate the ultra-obsequiousness of the man: either I have heard of it in connexion with some actual man known to myself, or it is told in a book of some historical coxcomb—that, being on horseback, and meeting some person or other whom it seemed advisable to flatter, he actually dismounted, in order to pay his court by a more ceremonious bow. In Russia, as we all know, this was, at one time, upon meeting any of the Imperial family, an act of legal necessity; and there, accordingly, but there only, it would have worn no ludicrous aspect. Now, in this situation of Lamb's, the act of descending from his throne, a very elaborate process, with steps and stages analogous to those on horseback—of slipping your right foot out of the stirrup, throwing your leg over the crupper, &c.—was, to all intents and purposes, the same thing as dismounting from a great elephant of a horse. Therefore it both was, and was felt to be by Lamb, supremely ludicrous. On the other hand, to have sate still

and stately upon this aerial station, to have bowed condescendingly from this altitude, would have been—not ludicrous indeed; performed by a very superb person, and supported by a very superb bow, it might have been vastly fine, and even terrifying to many young gentlemen under sixteen; but it would have had an air of ungentlemanly assumption. Between these extremes, therefore, Lamb had to choose: between appearing ridiculous himself for a moment, by going through a ridiculous evolution, which no man could execute with grace; or, on the other hand, appearing lofty and assuming, in a degree which his truly humble nature (for he was the humblest of men in the pretensions which he put forward for himself) must have shrunk from with horror. Nobody who knew Lamb can doubt how the problem was solved: he began to dismount instantly; and, as it happened that the very first *round* of his descent obliged him to turn his back upon me as if for a sudden purpose of flight, he had an excuse for laughing; which he did heartily—saying, at the same time, something to this effect, that I must not judge from first appearances; that he should revolve upon me; that he was not going to fly; and other facetiæ, which challenged a general laugh from the clerical brotherhood.

“When he had reached the basis of terra firma on which I was standing, naturally, as a mode of thanking him for his courtesy, I presented my hand, which, in a general case, I should certainly not have done; for I cherished, in an ultra-English degree, the English custom (a wise custom) of bowing in frigid silence on a first introduction to a stranger; but, to a man of literary talent, and one who had just practised so much kindness in my favor at so probable a hazard to himself of being laughed at for his pains, I could not maintain that frosty reserve. Lamb took my hand; did not absolutely reject it, but rather repelled my advance by his manner. This, however, long afterwards I found was only a habit derived from his too great sensitiveness to the variety of people's feelings, which run through a gamut so infinite of degrees and modes as to make it unsafe for any man who respects himself to be too hasty in his allowances of familiarity. Lamb had, as he was entitled to have, a high self-respect; and me he probably suspected (as a young Oxonian) of some aristocratic tendencies. The letter of introduction, containing (I imagine) no matters of business, was speedily run through; and I instantly received an invitation to spend the evening with him. Lamb was not one of those who catch at the chance of escaping from a bore by fixing some distant day, when accidents (in duplicate proportion, perhaps, to the number of intervening days) may have carried you away from the place: he sought to benefit by no luck of that kind; for he was, with his limited income—and I say it deliberately—positively the most hospitable man I have known in this world. That night, the same night, I was to come and spend the evening with him. I had

gone to the India House with the express purpose of accepting whatever invitation he should give me; and, therefore, I accepted this, took my leave, and left Lamb in the act of resuming his aerial position.”

For a happy piece of narrative in an unusual style, suited to the occasion, we know nothing clearer or more appreciative, remembering the tangled web of Hazlitt's character, than this account of an almost forgotten volume and series of emotions:—

#### HAZLITT'S MODERN PYGMALION.

“Hazlitt had published a little book which was universally laughed at, but which, in one view of it, greatly raised him in my opinion, by showing him to be capable of stronger and more agitating passions than I believed to be within the range of his nature. He had published his ‘*Liber Amoris, or the Modern Pygmalion*.’ And the circumstances of the case were these:—In a lodging-house, which was also, perhaps, a boarding-house, in the neighborhood of Lincoln's Inn, Hazlitt had rooms. The young woman who waited on him was a daughter of the master of the house. She is described by Hazlitt, whose eye had been long familiar with the beauty (real or ideal) of the painters, as a woman of bewitching features; though one thing, which he confesses in his book, or did confess in conversation, made much against it—viz., that she had a look of being somewhat jaded, as if she were unwell, or the freshness of the animal sensibilities gone by. This girl must evidently have been a mercenary person. Well, if she were not an intriguer in the worst sense, in the sense of a schemer she certainly was. Hazlitt, however, for many weeks (months perhaps) paid her the most delicate attentions, attributing to her a refinement and purity of character to which he afterwards believed that she had no sort of pretensions. All this time—and here was the part of Hazlitt's conduct which extorted some sympathy and honor from me—he went up and down London, raving about this girl. Nothing else would he talk of. ‘Have you heard of Miss —?’ And then, to the most indifferent stranger he would hurry into a rapturous account of her beauty. For this he was abundantly laughed at. And, as he could not fail to know this—for the original vice of his character was dark, sidelong suspicion, want of noble confidence in the nobilities of human nature, faith too infirm in what was good and great)—this being so, I do maintain that a passion, capable of stifling and transcending what was so prominent in his own nature, was, and must have been (however erroneously planted) a noble affection, and justifying that sympathy which I so cordially yielded him. I must reverence a man, be he what he may otherwise, who shows himself capable of profound love.

“On this occasion, in consequence of something I said very much like what I am now say-



ing, Hazlitt sent me a copy of his 'Liber Amoris;' which, by the way, bore upon the title-page an engraved copy of a female figure—by what painter I forget at this moment, but I think by Titian—which, as Hazlitt imagined, closely resembled the object of his present adoration. The issue for Hazlitt, the unhappy issue, of the tale, was as follows:—The girl was a heartless coquette; her father was an humble tradesman (a tailor, I think); but her sister had married very much above her rank; and she, who had the same or greater pretensions personally, now stood on so far better ground than her sister, as she could plead, which originally her sister could not, some good connexions. Partly, therefore, she acted in a spirit of manœuvring as regarded Hazlitt: he might do as a *pis aller*, but she hoped to do better; partly also she acted on a more natural impulse. It happened that, amongst the gentlemen lodgers was another, more favored by nature, as to person, than ever Hazlitt had been; and Hazlitt was now somewhat withered by life and its cares. This stranger was her 'fancy-man.' Hazlitt suspected something of this for a long time; suspected, doted, and was again persuaded to abandon his suspicions; and yet he could not relish her long conversations with this gentleman. What could they have to say, unless their hearts furnished a subject? Probably the girl would have confessed at once a preference, which, perhaps, she might have no good reason for denying, had it not been that Hazlitt's lavish liberality induced him to overwhelm her with valuable presents. These she had no mind to renounce. And thus she went on, deceiving, and beguiling, and betraying poor Hazlitt, now half crazy with passion, until one fatal Sunday. On that day (the time was evening, in the dusk), with no particular object, but unhappy because he knew that she was gone out, and with some thought that, in the wilderness of London, he might, by chance, stumble upon her, Hazlitt went out; and not a half mile had he gone, when, all at once, he fancied that he saw her. A second and nearer glance showed him that he was right. She it was, but hanging on the arm of the hated rival—of him whom she had a hundred times sworn that she never spoke to but upon the business of the house. Hazlitt saw, but was not seen. In the blindness of love, hatred, and despair, he followed them home; kept close behind them; was witness to the blandishments freely interchanged, and soon after he parted with her forever. Even his works of criticism this dissembling girl had accepted or asked for as presents, with what affectation and hypocrisy Hazlitt now fully understood. In his book he, in a manner, 'whistles her down the wind;' notwithstanding that, even at that time, 'her jesses' were even yet 'his heart-strings.' There is, in the last apostrophe to her—'Poor weed!'—something which, though bitter and contemptuous, is yet tender and gentle; and, even from the book, but much more from the affair itself, as then re-

ported with all its necessary circumstances, something which redeemed Hazlitt from the reproach (which till then he bore) of being open to no grand or profound enthusiasm—no overmastering passion. But now he showed indeed—

'The nympholepsy of some fond despair.'"

One of the earlier literary portraits of these volumes, Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, will always attract the attention of New Yorkers for her pictures of the primitive life of the Dutch settlers at Albany, pictures which Mr. Cooper transferred with little difficulty, so romantic was the fact, from her page of the chronicler to his of the novelist, the ideal artist of human nature. De Quincey has felt the charm of this work, the "Memoirs of an American Lady," for he thus gives his impressions of it. "But the work which interested me the most was that in which she painted her own early years as passed among the Anglo-Dutch of the New England States. It was a condition of society which had thus much of a paradisiacal condition—that none was 'afore or after the other;' no jealous precedencies; no suspicions; no spectacles of grinding poverty. Aristocracy, there was none; pauperism, there was none; and every member of the community saw a friend and a well-wisher in every other. Happy, happy state, in which were to be found

'No fears to beat away, no strife to heal;'

a state which, with the expansion of civilization as it travels through American forests, may, for a century to come, be continually renewed in those lands, but elsewhere I fear never more in this world."

An anecdote of this lady gives rise to a vindication of a paragraph or two of Wordsworth's poetry. It is worth quoting, for similar blunders are being constantly repeated, as a warning to ignorant and impudent fault-finding. An author, worth reading at all, may generally be supposed to mean something in what he writes, and, until the reader has found out what it is, he should give that author the benefit of a presumption of its value. This was the stupid prejudice against Wordsworth in polite society.

WHAT A WORDSWORTH PUERILITY TURNS OUT.

"Either from myself or from somebody else, Mrs. Grant had learned my profound veneration for the poetry of Wordsworth. Upon this she suddenly put a question to me upon the lines of Wordsworth, on seeing a robin red-breast pursuing a butterfly. The particular passage which she selected was to this effect:—

'If Father Adam could open his eyes,  
And see but this sight beneath the skies,  
He would wish to close them again.'

'Now,' said Mrs. Grant, 'what possible relation can Father Adam have to this case of the bird and the butterfly?' It must be mentioned here, that the poem was not in the 'Lyrical Ballads,' by which originally Wordsworth had become known, but in a second collection which had but just issued from the press. The volumes had been in the public hands, if they could be said to have reached the public at all in those years, for about a fortnight; but in mine, who had only recently arrived in London, not above two days. Consequently I had not seen the poem; and being quite taken aback by such a question, in a dinner party made up of people who had either not heard of Wordsworth, or heard of him only as an extravagant and feeble innovator, I believe that I made some absurd answer about Adam being possibly taken as a representative man, or representing the general sensibilities of human nature. Anything passes in company for a reason or an explanation, when people have not the demoniac passion for disputation; and Mrs. Grant accordingly bowed, in sign of acquiescence. I easily judged, however, that she could not have been satisfied; and in going home, with a strong feeling of self-reproach for having but ill sustained a poetic reputation for which I was so intensely jealous, I set myself to consider what *could* be the meaning for this connexion of Father Adam with the case; and, without having read the poem, by the light of so much as Mrs. Grant had quoted, instantly it flashed upon me that the secret reference must be to that passage in the 'Paradise Lost' where Adam is represented—on the very next morning after his fatal transgression, and whilst yet in suspense as to the shape in which the dread consequences would begin to reveal themselves, and how soon begin—as lifting up his eyes, and seeing the first sad proof that all flesh was tainted, and that corruption had already travelled, by mysterious sympathy, through universal nature. The passage is most memorable, and can never be forgotten by one who has thoughtfully read it:—

'The bird of Jove stoop'd from his airy flight,  
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;  
Down from the hills, the beast that reigns in woods—  
First hunter then—pursued a gentle brace,  
Goodliest of all the forest—hart and hind.  
*Adam observed*' —

Here, then, we find, that in Milton's representations of the Fall, the very earliest—not the second or third, but positively the very first—

outward signs by which Adam was made aware of a secret but awful revolution, which had gone like a whisper through all nature, was this very phenomenon of two animals pursuing in wrath others of more innocent and beautiful appearance. Reasonably, therefore, we may imagine, for the purposes of a poet, that if Adam were permitted to open his eyes again upon this earthly scene of things, it would send a peculiar anguish through his thoughts to see renewed before him that very same image and manifestation of ruin by which his eyes had been met and his suspense had been resolved on the very first morning succeeding to his fall. The only question which could arise after this upon the propriety of Mr. Wordsworth's allusion, was: Had he a right to presume in his readers such a knowledge of Milton? The answer to which is—that Milton is as much a presumable or presupposable book in the reference of a poet, as nature herself and the common phenomena of nature. These a poet postulates, or presupposes in his reader, and is entitled to do so. However, I mentioned the case afterwards to Mr. Wordsworth; and, in consequence of what I then said, he added the note of reference to Milton, which will be found in the subsequent editions. Another, and hardly, perhaps, so excusable a mistake, had been made upon the very same poem by *The Edinburgh Review*. Mr. Wordsworth had noticed the household character of the red-breast and his consecration to the feelings of men, in all Christian countries; and this he had expressed by calling it—

'The bird, whom by some name or other,  
All men who know thee call their brother;'—

which passage the Reviewer had so little understood as to direct attention to it by italics. Yet the explanation was found in what immediately followed:—

'Their Thomas in Finland,  
And Russia far inland;  
The Peter of Norway boors.'

The bird is Robin with us in Britain, Thomas in another land, Peter in another, and so on. This was the explanation of what the Reviewer thought so absurd or inexplicable. To call a bird by a Christian name is, in effect, when expressed by a poet, to 'call him a brother' of man. And with equal ease might all the passages be explained which have hitherto been stumbling-blocks to critics, where at least the objection has arisen out of misconception of the sense."

The notion of foreign superiority is one that pervades vulgarity, both poor and mean, wealthy and noble, in this country. An opera dancer or singer would have no chance as Miss Smith. No merit, however astounding, would suffice to create a *furore* in her favor; unless, indeed, she came accredited from Paris or Milan. Here she could not, as Miss Smith, hope to emerge from obscurity. A poor singing-master, the other day, applied to the Insolvent Debtor's Court, as John Whittle. He had gained his livelihood as Giovanni Vitelli.—*London Mirror*.

## THE NEW YORK FIREMAN ON THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

IF yer want to know who *I* am, I can tell yer just as quick as a fire flash: yer can bet yer life on th-a-t!

*I* runs with Number Sixty: *I* does, and *I* sleeps on her pile of hose every night. The ma-chine don't go out to fires unless *I* go first: and then may be she don't lag!

*I* never wrote many letters and them wos on Forty's doors to let 'em know that Sixty's men was al around for the target go. But *I*'m blessed if *I* hasn't a curiosity to know wots wot about that ere Fire 'Nihilator which the papers are makin' such a muss about and *I*'m agoing to write one more letter to ask.

*I* know it's a humbug afore *I* commence: cause that ere Barnum lays the hose of the whole concern. There's some kind of a Jenny Lind "ketch" about it though, or he wouldn't go in! Maybe he aint coon though! He's around when there's money in the pipe—bet your life on tha-a-t.

*I*'m cussed if *I* didn't study over the "Sun" one blessed hour the other day at Pete Snediker's bar-room a-trying to find out wot it was all about. There's a man named Phillips invented it, the Sun said: but now look-a-here where *is* Phillips anyhow. Ef he's around roll him out for inspection. Where does he keep *his* machines to put out fire with a stream of smoke gushing through a pipe? Oh g-a-a-s! Why don't he bring the 'Nihilator' out and try it on a fire? Ef he'll only try it when Sixty's boys have got their stream on *I* guess he'll know who's got the strongest play!

It's a brass machine with a brickbat in—the paper said. Now *I* believe's that ere: *I* does! Acos the man Phillips must have had a brick in his hat when he invented it. Prehaps it's the same brick wot he puts into the ma-chines! A brickbat made of nitre and charcoal with some stuff they calls gypsum—with a bottle inside with sugar and potash and vitriol: and when they smash 'em all up together the gas comes out of the pipe and puts the fire out?

Oh y-a-a-s! Yer better believe *I*'ll swallow that ere humbug!

Wasn't *I* at fifty fires where there was drug stores a burning? Hav'n't *I* seen nitre and gypsum, with potash and vitriol, burning together like a stable roof? Don't *I* know better? Hav'n't *I* heard of the big jimmyjohn of vitriol which got upshot down in the cellar of that ere store down in Maiden

Lane, where Number Thirty played old Three all out of sight? Lordy, how it did burn and phiz!

Talk of charcoal, too! No, you don't! *I* guess *I* knows all about charcoal by this time—*I* does.

*I* read as how all engines will be worth now will be to put the smoke out and wash the old embers; that this ere gas knocks down flame just as flame used to knock down old Corneel Anderson. And yer may go yer length that flame 'ill mind this ere gas just about as much as Corneel used to mind flame! Now if Mr. Barnum or the Corporation think that *I*'m a goin' to take the ma-chine to de fi-re to play second fiddle to this ga-s, they may just take my coat and wear it out next Christmas. *I* don't sleep by de machine for nothing! *I* doesn't clean it out every Sunday for nothing!! *I* doesn't run to a fire out of my district without *I* knows my fun. What's the fun of pumping water on a bit of smoke *I*'d like to know? D'ye think *I*'ve held Sixty's pipe for nothing, when the man inside calls out to stop, the fire's out? Maybe *I* can't drench a house out, though—just try me, though. Maybe, too, *I* can't hit a streak of flame at sixty feet, and only half strike!

And yer don't get this ere child to carry one of them ere 'Nihilators. He aint so fond of gases-s! *I* might as well be a jury-man ora Continental in a three-cornered hat, going down Broadway with a tag of niggers at his heels. As Ned Forrest—and he's one of the boys—says in Othello, when *I* comes to that "my occupation's gone:" gone jest like a rainy Fourth of July.

We got a talking over this ere new rig of Barnum's in the engine-house, last Sunday night, and our foreman, who knows a bit or two worth knowing about books, says the 'Nihilator' will all end in smoke—there's nothing lively about it. A few precious gulls 'll be bitten by it, and then folks 'll take to the Firemen sweeter than ever. But my mind after all aint exactly straight about it. *I*'d like to measure off the hose afore *I* gives in one way or tother. If No. Sixty's men are going to be humbugged by a parcel of old boxes (like a boy's squirt engine), worked with brickbats and vitriol, *I*'m a goin' to leave the company right soon: yer may bet your life on that.

ONE WHO RUNS WITH No. "60."



## VAGAMUNDO.

MR. WARREN has not, in his present work, the same virgin field of travel which he presented in that on the Amazon, noticed by us a few weeks ago. Spain, although almost a terra incognita when compared to France and Italy, is yet a well travelled country, and her very remoteness from the ordinary beat of fashionable travel seems to have secured to her a choicer set of visitors, or at any rate of travel-writers, than have been enjoyed by other countries more comfortable, but less picturesque.

Our expectations were highly raised by the capital title of Mr. Warren's book, *Vagamundo*, which may, we presume, be rendered in the vernacular by the expressive if not classic term, loafer, and which is admirably descriptive of the delightful feeling of vagabondizing independence with which the traveller, having passed the ordeal of custom-house tormentors, and comfortably ensconced himself in a hostelry of fair promise, issues forth on his first ramble through a strange city, with the probability that he does not know a soul out of its many thousands; a feeling which, in some moods of the mind, painful, is in others not unpleasant, from the feeling of self-reliance and independence it produces.

We were somewhat disappointed in the first quarter of the book. The author enters on his subject as he entered Spain, by the least attractive side. We feared that we had encountered another of the many dull and superficial books of travel which appear to have been made up from the famous red guide-book, and not from observation of the broader pages of nature and character ever open to observation around. The Attaché, we thought, somewhat partook of the buckram stiffness of his official collar and skirts; he seemed to have a painful sense that it was his duty to give us an inventory of the places through which he passed, with their population, and an enumeration of the public edifices, if any, which they possessed. Then, too, he passed Burgos by without stopping to explore its famed cathedral or visiting the Tomb of the Cid a few miles distant, an omission we could not pardon.

When the traveller however reaches Madrid he settles down in lodgings, and takes time to look about him, and he then becomes interesting as any man may who is

able to give the results of his individual experience in an agreeable form.

After some months' residence in Madrid, the author picks up a fellow-traveller who is a fellow-countryman as well, and a servant, whom he tries hard to invest with somewhat of the interest of Sancho Panza (it seems a sine qua non with Iberian tourists to have a comic bodyguard) with indifferent success, and with these companions makes the usual tour of the Mediterranean coast of Spain, crossing the Straits for a couple of weeks' sojourn in Morocco, which forms one of the most agreeable portions of the book.

On the second page of his volume the author takes timely occasion to inculcate the advantages to the traveller of cultivating everywhere in general, and in Spain in particular,

## GOOD NATURE.

"In no country is good nature more absolutely indispensable than in Spain. Let him to whom the generous fates have vouchsafed this precious boon—this sacred talisman, which converts whatever it touches into gold—let him, I say, thank heaven for the inestimable treasure it has bestowed, for a gift inexhaustible in its resources, and which will ever tend to lighten the burden of the brain and heart, and strew the rugged pathway of life with sparkling gems and fragrant flowers! But to him who is naturally peevish and fretful, who is more disposed to pick out a single grain of fault than to regard a peck of merit—who is never willing to allow any noble quality in another of which he himself is utterly deficient; and who, on the other hand, firmly believes that every evil tendency which he finds existing in his own breast is aggravated a hundredfold in the bosom of every other individual—a person of this description, wherever else he may travel, should never for a moment dream of entering Spain. If he does so he may be certain of encountering disappointment at every step; the phantom of pleasure may flit across his way, but only to taunt and perplex him with her deceitful presence. He may strive to clasp her in his selfish embrace, but she will elude his efforts and fly away before him. The wily goddess is not thus to be caught: *those who pursue her* in eager chase are always mocked by her rapid and untiring flight—she is to them a laughing coquette, who repels while she attracts. It is only upon those *who seek her not* that she bestows her favors;

to such she is a gentle companion, a sincere and ardent friend!"

Trifling facts are often of great significance. What could be more suggestive of the spirit which animated the erection of the Escorial, and of bigotry, now as then, than the circumstance mentioned by our author, that in the library of that famous monastic palace the books are placed *with their edges turned outwards*.

In his nocturnal rambles through Madrid, Mr. Warren encounters certain Dogberries, whose manners seem as gentle as their official appellation:—

#### THE SERENOS.

"The strain of a solitary guitar alone fell upon our ears, while the only human objects we beheld were the muffled forms of the 'Serenos,' or watchmen, standing with their spears and lanterns at the corner of every street. Nothing could be more picturesque or formidable than the appearance which they thus presented!"

"These Serenos, in spite of their terrible aspect, are exceedingly kind to strangers who have mistaken their way, and not unfrequently accompany them for some distance to the street, and even the house of which they are in search. On these occasions they generally expect a trifling remuneration for their trouble; and if it is convenient for you to present them with a choice cigar, do so without fail, and you may depend upon it that they will always stand ready to manifest their gratitude for your kindness, should the circumstances of the uncertain future ever afford them an opportunity."

We have never met a more amusing indication of Spanish gravity than in the following

#### AUCTION SCENE.

"The sale was conducted in the open court, around which were a number of benches, upon which were quietly seated some forty or fifty grim-looking individuals, as silent and motionless as if they were so many mourners at a funeral. The auctioneer, of an ill-omened visage, was mounted upon a low platform in front of his auditory, to whom he declared in calm and measured words the article which was for sale, as well as the highest price which had already been bid upon it.

"On the whole it was a serious and impressive ceremony. The stillness was scarcely broken by a word or a whisper, and when the bell was rung at the close of each sale, it was like the tolling of a death-knell. When we left the spot it was with faces as long as if we had just emerged from a sepulchre."

But to show the contrasts of human nature, and the other side of Spanish character, what do we come upon only half a page further on in the narrative, and half a street's length perhaps in the thoroughly Spanish

city of Seville? Be attentive, ye white-gloved opera goers, adjust the lorgnette and drop the fan, for the changing scene now presents

#### FIGARO'S SHOPS.

"Before returning to our hotel we stopped at a barber's shop to get shaved. According to legendary report and general belief, this was the identical one occupied by the immortal Figaro of Beaumarchais, Mozart, and Rossini. Such being its associations, who could resist the temptation to pop into it? The barber we found to be a young and skilful artist in his profession, who gave us a most excellent shave, and that too without the aid of a brush. An earthenware bowl, with a rim about four or five inches in width, one side of which was scooped out sufficiently to adapt itself to the form of the neck, was filled with warm water, and then placed beneath my chin. With a piece of soap in his hand this modern Figaro commenced rubbing and washing my face in such a vigorous manner that in a few moments my features were completely covered with a white and creamy lather. I was almost suffocated, and could scarcely breathe without imbibing some portion of the soapy mass. A single stroke of the keen-edged razor, however, afforded me instant relief. One side of my face was as beardless as that of an infant: another stroke, and the other side of my phiz was as naked as its fellow. A face bath of eau de Cologne ensued, and I rose from my seat a lighter and (as persons say who have just passed through some severe ordeal) I trust a better man! Heaven commend me to the barbers of Seville. They are a happy and harmless race, and the most delicate managers of the razor in the universe. They are well versed in all the gossip of the town, and are remarkable for their loquacity and good nature. Almost any matter of local intelligence you may be sure to obtain from your barber, whose acquaintance, therefore, is well worthy of being cultivated. The highest class of Spanish Figaros are but little below the medical professors in social rank. They are licensed to use the lancet and apply leeches, these being operations which the doctors almost invariably decline to perform. As for myself, I would as soon consent to be bled by one of these fellows as by a more solemn practitioner, though, as a general rule, I think I should prefer keeping my blood within my own body."

Although a much-written upon subject, we cannot resist giving a bit from one of our author's animated descriptions of

#### THE BOLERO.

"We had not been long in the room before the guitars began to sound, and an electric species of animation immediately infused itself into every one present. All were eager for the dancing to commence. Even Ronalds and Pascual shared the universal enthusiasm, and the latter actually clapped his hands, in token of his

uncontrollable impatience and delight. Suddenly a beautiful creature and an active youth bounded into the centre of the cleared circle, and after two or three preparatory clicks of their castanets, performed for us a matchless Spanish Bolero, which called forth the most unbounded applause of the audience. We were delighted beyond the power of language to describe: as to giving the reader any adequate idea of the graceful movements and beautiful attitudes of the dance, we conscientiously acknowledge ourselves incompetent to the task. A succession of Andalusian dances followed, each of them affording us the highest degree of satisfaction and pleasure. Finally, a bewitching damsel, not above thirteen years of age, but as exquisitely proportioned as Hebe and as beautiful as Venus, hovered into the magic circle, and executed the Spanish *Ole*, in a manner which quite bereaved us for a moment of our sanity. Every muscle and limb seemed to be in harmonious motion. Verily it was a delicious spectacle! As we gazed upon her, clad as she was in the sweetest charms of youth and beauty, and beheld the sparkling of her starry eyes; the dreamy waving of her arms; the easy undulations of her body; the gentle bendings of her head and neck; the vibrations of the castanets in her gloveless hands, and the inimitable movements of her tiny feet, we could almost fancy that no earthly creation, but the very Goddess of Grace and Nature was moving in all her perfections before our delighted eyes!"

On passing through a wretched village, with an appellation of most Castilian inflation, Castileja de la Cuesta, the traveller makes a patriotic halt before

#### THE HOUSE OF CORTEZ.

"Stopping at a low and insignificant building, more suitable for a shed than a human habitation, we read the following inscription on a marble tablet placed directly over the door. 'Here died Hernan Cortez, a victim to disgrace and sadness, the glory of our country, and the conqueror of the Mexican empire: he expired on the 2d of September, 1544.' The house (if such it may be called) was, at the period of our visit, tenanted by a poor but proud apothecary, who, according to his own account, had served as one of the chief-surgeons in the Spanish army during the French invasion. He very hospitably invited us within, and entertained us freely with fruit and wine, for which he absolutely refused to accept even the smallest remuneration. We regretted afterwards that we had offered him anything, fearing that we might have wounded his pride. Taking us into a small chamber, between ten and twelve feet square, 'here,' said he, 'in this room Hernan Cortez died, and here likewise, this little child of mine, that you see laughing in its mother's arms, was born!' Upon our asking him if he found selling drugs a profitable business, he replied, 'I might do tolerably well, if business and sickness came together. At this season of

the year, when people have an abundance of money, there is comparatively but little sickness, whereas, in the summer, when there is plenty of sickness, the money is quite exhausted.'

"Having bidden the worthy druggist good bye, we remounted our horses and proceeded on our way."

Mr. Warren passes the merry season of the Carnival in a city famed for its beauty and joyousness, the white-walled Cadiz. He gives a long and very agreeable account of the drama, from which we can take but

#### TWO CARNIVAL SCENES.

"On the evening preceding the commencement of the carnival, we visited one of the principal theatres, in company with the consul, who assured us that something unusual would certainly take place, expressive of the general hilarity produced by the proximity of the coming festival. We were not disappointed in our anticipations. The boxes and galleries were filled with beautiful women, and the pit with Spanish gentlemen, each of whom was dressed with the same elegance and care as if for a fashionable ball. A more radiant scene of life and beauty, it would be difficult to imagine. The ladies in their gay shawls and lace mantillas looked extremely fascinating, and wielded with such captivating grace their animated fans, that we were completely in raptures with the ease and poetry of their manner. Among them was one who was pointed out to us as the belle of Cadiz, and well indeed did she deserve so distinguished a title.

"To say that she was beautiful is nothing—she was unspeakably lovely—aye, fairer than the fairest image of a poet's dream! She was only fifteen—half child—half woman, but without exception the most exquisite embodiment of female charms that ever dawned upon my vision. I lack words and power to paint her as she was; but with her soft blue eyes she gladdens Cadiz still, and sheds a sunshine on every happy heart within her sphere. Go then, fond reader, and gaze upon her celestial countenance yourself; listen to the sweet melody of her voice, and bask in the splendor of her witching smile. Thenceforth the marble Venus of Florence will be forgotten, and you will realize, with loftier conceptions of truth and beauty, that nature in her uncurbed efforts soars far beyond the highest achievements of art.

"When the curtain at length rose, the excitement of the audience greatly increased. No sooner had the actors taken their position upon the stage, than they were completely inundated with beans and confectionery, from every part of the house. Expecting an attack of this kind they were not at all disconcerted, but continued the amusing farce to its termination, notwithstanding the storm of sugar-plums by which they were vigorously and unceasingly assailed.

"The sport was exceedingly contagious, and I am certain that, for the time being, there was not



a single person in the room whose gravity had successfully resisted the nerve-restoring influence of laughter and mirth. It seemed as if grief had taken a temporary departure from the earth; but nowhere is there more actual misery and sorrow among men, and more painful solicitude and anxiety among women, than within the lofty sea walls of this gem-city of the ocean.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Every balcony throughout the entire length of the street was thronged with frolicsome damsels, each of whom was supplied with a silken bag filled with beans, or something of the kind, with which she industriously pelted the passers-by. This curious missile was secured by means of a cord of sufficient length, by which it could be immediately withdrawn as soon as the purpose of its mission had been accomplished. No distinction of persons was made, but everybody, old men, priests, and soldiers, were alike assailed, and no one took the slightest offence, but on the contrary, seemed to enjoy the fun exceedingly. Our neighbors on the opposite side of the street kept up an incessant warfare with their confectionery bags against every one who chanced to pass within the limits of their jurisdiction. From our position on an upper balcony, we carefully watched the proceedings of the girls, selfishly congratulating ourselves that we were beyond the reach of their well-loaded projectiles. While we were indulging in this feeling of fond security, suddenly a missile whizzed through the air, and striking my hat with extraordinary force, sent it rolling to the farthest extremity of our apartment. Looking instantly in the direction from whence the attack proceeded, I perceived that one of the damsels, who had been watching us from below, had stolen up quietly to the top of the house, where, being but little above the level of our chamber, she had despatched the messenger, which had committed such havoc on my dilapidated sombrero. Though we were inclined to pardon the young lady, yet our incorrigible Pascual was evidently bent upon some plan of revenge. At length a thought seemed to strike him. Seizing

an immense horse-blanket, which Ronalds always carried with him for his individual comfort, he secured it in the middle with a long cord, and then taking advantage of the most favorable opportunity, he threw it with such dexterity that it landed like a huge shawl directly over the shoulders of the girl who had attacked us, to the infinite merriment of herself and of all the others who witnessed this extraordinary exploit."

We have taken our extracts at hap-hazard, and have left many of the pleasantest passages of this agreeable book untouched. The reader had better get it and repair the omissions which space render compulsory upon us. Meanwhile, to leave him in good humor with the Spaniard, and as a parting salutation of our own, we commend to him the following beautiful incident:—

GOD BLESS YOU.

"As we journeyed on a trifling incident occurred, which very favorably disposed us towards the peasantry of Spain. A large party of field laborers, attired in scarlet jackets and sashes, were returning to their homes after the toils of the day, and were singing in unison a lively song, in token of the happiness within their hearts. The sun was now sinking behind the hills, and the stars of evening were beginning to gem the vast canopy of heaven. A soft and rich twilight gave a sweet mellowness to the features of the surrounding landscape, infusing thoughts of romance and poetry into our minds, and making everything appear to us like the scenery of a picture or a dream. As we reached the body of peasantry, they immediately separated to each side of the road, and as we passed between them, they saluted us with the beautiful expression, '*Vaga vel con Dios*' (go you with God). A thrill of pleasure ran through my veins as I heard this national benediction, pronounced with such deep solemnity, and issuing like a full and majestic chorus from the lips of these humble tillers of the soil."

WHEN I am dead no eye of love  
May drop a tear upon my grave;  
Yet weeping flowers shall bloom above,  
And sighing branches o'er me wave.

Though near the place where I shall lie  
The passing traveller linger not,  
Yet shall the quiet moon on high  
Look nightly down upon the spot.

In these green meadows, where I rove,  
By man I may forgotten be;  
Yet the blue sky and silent grove  
For ever shall remember me.

KÖRNER.

## WHOLE HOGS.

THE public market has been of late more than usually remarkable for transactions on the American principle in Whole and indivisible Hogs. The market has been heavy—not the least approach to briskness having been observed in any part of it; but, the transactions, such as they have been, have been exclusively for Whole Hogs. Those who may only have had a retail inclination for sides, ribs, limbs, cheek, face, trotters, snout, ears, or tail, have been required to take the Whole Hog, sinking none of the offal, but consenting to it all—and a good deal of it too.

It has been discovered that mankind at large can only be regenerated by a Teetotal Society, or by a Peace Society, or by always dining on Vegetables. It is to be particularly remarked that either of these certain means of regeneration is utterly defeated, if so much as a hair's-breadth of the tip of either ear of that particular Pig be left out of the bargain. Qualify your water with a tea-spoonful of wine or brandy—we beg pardon—alcohol—and there is no virtue in Temperance. Maintain a single sentry at the gate of the Queen's Palace, and it is utterly impossible that you can be peaceful. Stew so much as the bone of a mutton chop in the pot with your vegetables, and you will never make another Eden out of a Kitchen Garden. You must take the Whole Hog, Sir, and every bristle on him, or you and the rest of mankind will never be regenerated.

Now, without inquiring at present whether means of regeneration that are so easily spoiled, may not a little resemble the pair of dancing-shoes in the story, which the lady destroyed by walking across a room in them, we will consider the Whole Hog question from another point of view.

First, stand aside to see the great Teetotal Procession come by. It is called a Temperance Procession—which is not an honest use of a plain word, but never mind that. Hurrah! hurrah! The flags are blue and the letters golden. Hurrah! hurrah! Here are a great many excellent, straightforward, thoroughly well-meaning, and exemplary people, four and four, or two and two. Hurrah! hurrah! Here are a great many children, also four and four, or two and two. Who are they?—They, Sir, are the Juvenile Temperance Bands of Hope.—Lord bless me! What are the

Juvenile Temperance Bands of Hope? They are the Infantine Brigade of Regenerators of Mankind.—Indeed? Hurrah! hurrah! These young citizens being pledged to total abstinence, and being fully competent to pledge themselves to anything for life; and it being the custom of such young citizens' parents, in the existing state of unregenerated society, to bring them up on ardent spirits and strong beer (both of which are commonly kept in barrels, behind the door, on tap, in all large families, expressly for persons of tender years, of whom it is calculated that seven-eighths always go to bed drunk); this is a grand show. So again, hurrah! hurrah!

Who are these gentlemen walking two and two, with medals on their stomachs and bows in their bottom-holes? These, Sir, are the Committee.—Are they? Hurrah! hurrah! One cheer more for the Committee! Hoo-o-o-rah! A cheer for the Reverend Jabez Fireworks—fond of speaking; a cheer for the gentleman with the stand-up collar, Mr. Gloss—fond of speaking; a cheer for the gentleman with the massive watch-chain, who smiles so sweetly on the surrounding Fair, Mr. Glib—fond of speaking; a cheer for the rather dirty little gentleman who looks like a converted Hyæna, Mr. Scradger—fond of speaking; a cheer for the dark-eyed, brown gentleman, the Dove Delegate from America—fond of speaking; a cheer for the swarm who follow, blackening the procession—Regenerators from everywhere in general—all good men—all fond of speaking; and all going to speak.

I have no right to object, I am sure. Hurrah! hurrah!

The Rev. Jabez Fireworks, and the great Mr. Gloss, and the popular Mr. Glib, and the eminent Mr. Scradger, and the Dove Delegate from America, and the distinguished swarm from everywhere, have ample opportunity (and profit by it, too), for speaking to their heart's content. For, is there not, to-day, a Grand Demonstration Meeting; and to-morrow, another Grand Demonstration Meeting; and, the day after to-morrow, a Grand United Regenerative Zoological Visitation; and, the day after that, a Grand Aggregate General Demonstration; and, the day after that, a Grand Associated Regenerative Breakfast; and, the day after that, a Grand Associated Re-

generative Tea; and, the day after that, a Final Grand Aggregate Compounded United and Associated Steam-boat River Demonstration; and do the Regenerators go anywhere without speaking, by the bushel? Still, what offence to me? None. Still, I am content to cry, Hurrah! hurrah! If the Regenerators, though estimable men, be the most tiresome men (as speakers) under Heaven; if their sincerest and best followers cannot, in the infirmity of human nature, bear the infliction of such oratory, but occupy themselves in preference with tea and rolls, or resort for comfort to the less terrible society of Lions, Elephants, and Bears, or drown the Regenerative eloquence in the clash of brazen Bands; I think it sensible and right, and still exclaim, Hurrah!

But how, if with the matter of such eloquence, when any of it happens to be heard, and also happens not to be a singular compound of references to the Bible, and selections from Joe Miller, I find, on drawing nearer, that I *have* some business? How, if I find that the distinguished swarm are not of that quiet class of gentlemen whom MR. CARLYLE describes as consuming their own smoke; but that they emit a vast amount of smoke, and blacken their neighbours very considerably? Then, as a neighbour myself, I have perhaps a right to speak?

In Bedlam, and in all other madhouses, Society is denounced as being wrongfully combined against the patient. In Newgate, and in all other prisons, Society is denounced as being wrongfully combined against the criminal. In the speeches of the Reverend Jabez, and the other Regenerators, Society is denounced as being wrongfully and wickedly combined against their own particular Whole Hog—who must be swallowed, every bristle, or there is no Pork in him.

The proof? Society won't come in and sign the pledge; Society won't come in and recruit the Juvenile Temperance Bands of Hope. Therefore, Society is fond of drunkenness, sees no harm in it, favors it very much, is a drunkard—a base, worthless, sensual, profligate brute. Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, divines, physicians, lawyers, editors, authors, painters, poets, musicians, Queen, lords, ladies, and commons, are all in league against the Regenerators, are all violently attached to drunkenness, are all the more dangerous if by any chance they be personal examples of temperance, in the real meaning of the word!—which last powerful steam-hammer of logic has become a pet one, and is constantly to be observed in action.

Against this sweeping misrepresentation I take the liberty of entering my feeble protest. With all respect for Jabez, for Gloss, for Glib, for Dove Delegate, and for Seradger, I must make so bold as to observe that when a Malay runs a-muck he cannot be considered in a temperate state of mind; also, that when a thermometer stands at Fever Heat, it cannot claim to indicate Temperate weather. A man, to be truly temperate, must be temperate in many respects—in the rejection of strong words no less than of strong drinks—and I crave leave to assert against my good friends the Regenerators, that, in such gross statements, they set a most intemperate example. I even doubt whether an equal number of drunkards, under the excitement of the strongest liquors, could set a worse example.

And I would beg to put it seriously to the consideration of those who have sufficient powers of endurance to stand about the platform, listening, whether they think of this sufficiently? Whether they ever knew the like of this before? Whether they have any experience or knowledge of a good cause that was ever promoted by such bad means? Whether they ever heard of an association of people, deliberately, by their chosen vessels, throwing overboard every effort but their own, made for the amelioration of the condition of men; unscrupulously vilifying all other laborers in the vineyard; calumniously setting down as aiders and abettors of an odious vice which they know to be held in general abhorrence, and consigned to general shame, the great compact mass of the community—of its intelligence, of its morality, of its earnest endeavour after better things? If, upon consideration, they know of no such other case, then the inquiry will perhaps occur to them, whether, in supporting a so-conducted cause, they really be upholders of Temperance, dealing with words which should be the signs for Truth, according to the truth that is in them?

Mankind can only be regenerated, proclaim the fatteners of the Whole Hog Number Two, by means of a Peace Society. Well! I call out of the nearest Peace Society my worthy friend John Bates—an excellent workman and a sound man, lineally descended from that sturdy soldier of the same name who spake with King Henry the Fifth, on the night before the battle of Agincourt. "Bates," says I, "how about this Regeneration? Why can it only be effected by means of a Peace Society?" Says Bates in answer, "Because War is frightful, ruinous, and unchristian. Because the details of one battle, because the horrors



of one siege, would so appal you, if you knew them, that probably you never could be happy afterwards. Because man was not created in the image of his Maker to be blasted with gunpowder, or pierced with bayonets, or gashed with swords, or trampled under iron hoofs of horses, into a puddle of mire and blood. Because War is a wickedness that always costs us dear. Because it wastes our treasure, hardens our hearts, paralyzes our industry, cripples our commerce, occasions losses, and devilish crimes, unspeakable and out of number." Says I, sadly, "But have I not, O Bates, known all this for this many a year?" "It may be so," says Bates, "then, come into the Peace Society." Says I, "Why come in there, Bates?" Says Bates, "Because we declare we won't have War or show of War. We won't have armies, navies, camps, or ships. England shall be disarmed, we say, and all these horrors ended." Says I, "How ended, Bates?" Says Bates, "By arbitration. We have a Dove Delegate from America, and a Mouse Delegate from France; and we are establishing a Bond of Brotherhood, and that 'll do it." "Alas! It will not do it, Bates. I, too have thought upon the horrors of war, of the blessings of peace, and of the fatal distraction of men's minds from seeking them, by the roll of the drum and the thunder of the inexorable cannon. However, Bates, the world is not so far upon its course, yet, but that there are tyrants and oppressors left upon it, watchful to find Freedom weak that they may strike, and backed by great armies. O John Bates, look out towards Austria, look out towards Russia, look out towards Germany, look out towards the purple Sea, that lies so beautiful and calm beyond the filthy jails of Naples! Do you see nothing there?" Says Bates (like the sister in Blue Beard, but much more triumphantly) "I see nothing there, but dust;"—and this is one of the inconveniences of a fattened Whole and indivisible Hog, that it fills up the doorway, and its breeders cannot see beyond it. "Dust!" says Bates. I tell Bates that it is because there are, behind that dust, oppressors and oppressed, arrayed against each other—that it is because there are, beyond his Dove Delegate and his Mouse Delegate, the wild beasts of the Forest—that it is because I dread and hate the miseries of tyranny and war—that it is because I would not be soldier-ridden, nor have other men so—that I am not for the disarming of England, and cannot be a member of his Peace Society: admitting all his premises, but denying his conclusion. Whereupon Bates, otherwise just and sensible, insinuates

that not being for his Whole and indivisible Hog, I can be for no part of his Hog; and that I have never felt or thought what his Society now tells me it, and only it, feels and thinks as a new discovery; and that when I am told of the new discovery I don't care for it!

Mankind can only be regenerated by dining on Vegetables. Why? Certain worthy gentlemen have dined, it seems, on vegetables for ever so many years, and are none the worse for it. Straightway, these excellent men, excited to the highest pitch, announce themselves by public advertisement as "DISTINGUISHED VEGETARIANS," vault upon a platform, hold a vegetable festival, and proceed to show, not without prolixity and weak jokes, that a vegetable diet is the only true faith, and that, in eating meat, mankind is wholly mistaken and partially corrupt. Distinguished Vegetarians. As the men who wear Nankeen trousers might hold a simliar meeting, and become Distinguished Nankeenarians! But am I to have no meat? If I take a pledge to eat three cauliflowers daily in the cauliflower season, a peck of peas daily in the pea time, a gallon of broad Windsor beans daily when beans are "in," and a young cabbage or so every morning before breakfast, with perhaps a little ginger between meals (as a vegetable substance, corrective of that windy diet), may I not be allowed half an ounce of gravy-beef to flavor my potatoes? Not a shred! Distinguished Vegetarians can acknowledge no imperfect animal. Their Hog must be a Whole Hog, according to the fashion of the time.

Now, we would so far renew the custom of sacrificing animals, as to recommend that an altar be erected to Our Country, at present sheltering so many of these very inconvenient and unwieldy Hogs, on which their grosser portions should be "burnt and purged away." The Whole Hog of the Temperance Movement, divested of its intemperate assumption of infallibility, and of its intemperate determination to run grunting at the legs of the general population of this empire, would be a far less unclean and a far more serviceable creature than at present. The Whole Hog of the Peace Society, acquiring the recognition of a community of feeling between itself and many who hold war in no less abhorrence, but who yet believe, that, in the present era of the world, some preparation against it is a preservative of peace and a restraint upon despotism, would become as much enlightened as its predecessor Toby, of Immortal Memory. And if distinguished Vegetarians, of all kinds, would only allow a little meat:

and if distinguished Fleshmeatarians, of all kinds, would only yield a little vegetable; if the former, quietly devouring the fruits of the earth to any extent, would admit the possible morality of mashed potatoes with beef—and if the latter would concede a little spinach with gammon; and if both could manage to get on with a little less platforming—there being at present rather an undue preponderance of cry over wool—if all of

us, in short, were to yield up something of our whole and entire animals, it might be very much the better in the end, both for us and for them.

After all, my friends and brothers, even the best Whole and indivisible Hog may be but a small fragment of the higher and greater work, called Education?—*Dickens's "Household Words."*

## THE JOBSIAD.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—You and your readers will, no doubt, be glad to see, for the first time in English, a specimen of the famous German drollery, called the *Jobsiad*; or

“THE LIFE, OPINIONS, ACTIONS, AND FATE OF  
HIERONIMUS JOBS:

## THE CANDIDATE.

And how he whilome won great renown,  
And died as night-watch in Schildeburg town.

Adorned throughout with woodcuts numerous,  
Finely wrought and very humorous,  
A faithful history, neat and terse,  
Writ in new-fashion doggerel verse.”

I am told that some illustrations of this poem are to be seen in the Düsseldorf collection now exhibiting in your city.

The following is a translation of the 14th chapter of the work, being “a letter which the student, Hieronimus, wrote to his parents:”

Dear and Honored Parents,  
I lately

Have suffered for want of money greatly;  
Have the goodness, therefore, to send without fail

A trifle or two by return of mail.

I want about 20 or 30 ducats;  
For I have not at present a cent in my pockets;  
Things are so tight with us this way,  
Send me the money at once, I pray.

And everything is growing higher,  
Lodging and washing and lights and fire,  
And incidental expenses every day—  
Send me the ducats without delay.

You can hardly conceive the enormous expenses  
The college imposes, on all pretences,  
For text-books and lectures so much to pay—  
I wish the ducats were on their way!

I devote to my studies unremitting attention—  
One thing I must not forget to mention:  
The 30 ducats—pray send them straight,  
For my purse is in a beggarly state.

Boots and shoes, and stockings and breeches,  
Tailoring, washing, and extra stitches,  
Pen, ink, and paper are all so dear!  
I wish the 30 ducats were here!

The money—(I trust you will speedily send it!)  
I promise faithfully to spend it;

Yes, dear parents, you never need fear,  
I live very strictly and frugally here.

When other students revel and riot,  
I steal away into perfect quiet,  
And shut myself up with my books and light  
In my study-chamber till late at night.

Beyond the needful supply of my table,  
I spare, dear parents, all I am able;  
Take tea but rarely, and nothing more,  
For spending money afflicts me sore.

Other students, who'd fain be called *mellow*,  
Set me down for a niggardly fellow,  
And say: there goes the *dig*,\* just look!  
How like a parson he eyes his book!

With jibes and jokes they daily beset me,  
But none of these things do I suffer to fret me;  
I smile at all they can do or say—  
Don't forget the ducats, I pray!

Ten hours each day I spend at the college,  
Drinking at the fount of knowledge,  
And when the Lectures come to an end,  
The rest in private study I spend.

The Professors express great gratification,  
Only they hope I will use moderation,  
And not wear out in my studiis  
Philosophicis et theologicis.

It would savor, dear parents, of self-laudation,  
To enter on an enumeration  
Of all my studies—in brief, there is none  
More exemplary than your dear son.

My head seems ready to burst asunder,  
Sometimes, with its learned load, and I wonder  
Where so much knowledge is packed away:  
(Apropos! don't forget the ducats, I pray!)

Yes, dearest parents, my devotion to study  
Consumes the best strength of mind and body,  
And generally even the night is spent  
In meditation deep and intent.

In the pulpit soon I shall take my station,  
And try my hand at the preacher's vocation,

\* See “College Words and Customs.”

Likewise I dispute in the college-hall  
On learned subjects with one and all.

But don't forget to send me the ducats,  
For I long so much to replenish my pockets ;  
The money, one day, shall be returned  
In the shape of a son right wise and learn'd.

Then my *Privatissimum*\*—(I've been thinking  
on it

For a long time—and in fact begun it)  
Will cost me 20 Rix dollars more,  
Please send with the ducats I mentioned  
before.

I also, dear parents, inform you sadly,  
I have torn my coat of late, very badly,  
So please enclose with the rest in your note  
Twelve dollars to purchase a new coat.

New boots are also necessary,  
Likewise my night-gown is ragged, very ;  
My hat and pantaloons, too, alas !  
And the rest of my clothes are going to grass.

Now, as all these things are needed greatly,  
Please enclose me 4 Louis d'ors separately,  
Which, joined to the rest, perhaps will be  
Enough for the present emergency.

My recent sickness you may not have heard of,  
In fact, for some time, my life was despaired of,  
But I haste to assure you, on my word,  
That now my health is nearly restored.

The Medicus, for services rendered,  
A bill of 18 guilders has tendered,  
And then the Apothecary's will be,  
In round numbers, about 23.

Now that Physician and Apothecary  
May get their dues, it is necessary  
These 41 guilders be added to the rest ;  
But, as to my health, don't be distressed.

The nurse would also have some compensation,  
Who attended me in my critical situation,  
I therefore think it would be best  
To enclose seven guilders for her with the rest.

For citrons, jellies, and things of that nature,  
To sustain and strengthen the feeble creature,  
The Confectioner, too, has a small account,  
Eight guilders is about the amount.

These various item of which I've made mention,  
Demand immediate attention.  
For order, to me, is very dear,  
And I carefully from debts keep clear.

I also rely on your kind attention,  
To forward the ducats of which I made mention,  
So soon as it can possibly be—  
One more small item occurs to me !—

Two weeks ago I unluckily stumbled,  
And down the whole length of the stairway  
tumbled,  
As in at the college door I went,  
Whereby my right arm almost double was  
bent.

\* A very private lesson.

The Chirurgus who attended on the occasion,  
For his balsams, plasters, and preparation  
Of spiritus, and other things needless to name,  
Charges 12 dollars ; please forward the same.

But, that your minds may be acquiescent,  
I am, thank God, now convalescent ;  
Both shoulder and skin are in a very good  
way,  
And I go to lecture every day.

My stomach is still in a feeble condition,  
A circumstance owing, so thinks the physician,  
To sitting so much, when I read and write,  
And studying so long and so late at night.

He, therefore, earnestly advises  
Burgundy wine, with nutmeg and spices,  
And every morning, instead of tea,  
For the stomach's sake to drink sangaree.

Please send, agreeably to these advices,  
Two pistoles for the wine and spices ;  
And be sure, dear parents, I only take  
Such things as these for the stomach's sake.

Finally, a few small debts, amounting  
To 30 or 40 guilders (loose counting),  
Be pleased, in your letter, without fail,  
Dear parents, to enclose this bagatelle.

And could you, for sundries, send me twenty  
Or a dozen Louis d'ors (that would be plenty),  
'Twould be a kindness seasonably done,  
And very acceptable to your son.

This letter, dear parents, comes hoping to find  
you

In usual health—I beg to remind you  
How much I am for money perplexed,  
Please, therefore, to remit in your next.

Herewith I close my letter, repeating  
To you and all my friendly greeting,  
And subscribe myself, without further fuss,  
Your obedient son,

HIERONYMUS.

I add, in a Postscript what I neglected  
To say, beloved and highly respected  
Parents, I beg most filially,  
That you'll forward the money as soon as  
may be.

For I had, dear father (I say it weeping),  
Fourteen French crowns laid by in safe keeping  
(As I thought) for a day of need—but the  
whole

An anonymous person yesterday stole.

I know you'll make good, without my asking,  
each shilling,

Your innocent son has lost by this villain ;  
For a man so considerate must be aware  
That I such a loss can nowise bear.

Meanwhile I'll take care that, to-day or to-  
morrow,

Mister Anonymus shall, to his sorrow,  
And your satisfaction, receive the reward  
Of his graceless trick with the hempen cord.

C. T. B.



## KATE HERKIMER'S TROUBLES.

BY SUSY L.—.

## CHAPTER IV.

*(Kate's letters Continued.)*

N—, June 27, 1851.

"I WAS strong this morning, little as I had slept. It benefits me magically sometimes wrestling mightily with the ghostly circumstances that surround me with grim shapes, touching me here and there on my brain, on my heart, on my limbs, half-paralyzing all. I got myself away from them before I slept last night, and wondered then how they ever get such dominion over me—over me who have the divine breath in me, and who should, on this account, assert a little power over myself and all the outward, inferior things that come near me.

"I rose early, and after putting things in order through the parlors and breakfast room, I went out to gather fresh flowers for the vases, currants for the table, and to hear the birds at their matins. I tarried long, listening and looking through the branches to find which bird it was that sang the sweetest notes—so like a plaintive human voice the bird that was, as it were, the artist of that great company. I found it at last, and it was a little, brown, ugly thing, the least, and brownest, and ugliest of all the company of birds. But the dear sang with such a clear, heavenly note, that I could have knelt before it. He lifted his head, tipped it a little on one side, and opening his throat, sang as if he were a Rogers or a Hutchinson, or a Jenny Lind herself. I learned a lesson of that bird, Suz. As I looked on him, and listened till I was so happy that I could hardly breathe, I exulted in that I, too, am without beauty, but with a divine gift of some sort in my soul, which I will, so help me God, search after and develope to the elevation and comfort of my race, to the glory and praise of the Giver.

"You beauty!—you dear bird!" I said aloud at length, with heartiest love and admiration.

"Yes, he is a dear bird to sing like that!" said Eerrish, close to my elbow. He turned his eyes up to the tree and listened a moment. 'But come, go in with me and get some breakfast. Your cousin threatens to eat all on the table. Come, Kate,' offering me his arm.

"I wonder, Suz mine, what beneficent fairy went from room to room through the keyholes last night or this morning, letting

Eerrish know that my heart was more genially disposed towards him, so that he might once more come familiarly near me, as if he, too, were a bird, or a cool breeze. He looked in my face as he had not done ever before, without stupidity or self-consciousness. By the way, I fancy that little bird had benefitted him not less than myself. It was a look of quiet friendliness and insight, and led me to thinking that the time *may* come when he will comprehend me, and know what I am aiming at in all my ways, as readily as you and your husband do. This I prize dearly in my friends—insight. I care not how bare my heart lies before them. In my wickedest moments, when I am furthest from what I ought to be, I am glad that one can see it all, the wickedness and the struggles against it, and the strong circumstances that overcome me in spite of the struggles. I am never afraid of being condemned by one who knows all. This, together with much beside of the same tendency that I have seen in others, makes me believe it unwaveringly, that we would not throw away the vilest man, the vilest woman on this earth, if we could look into their poor, severely-tried hearts, as our God does. One can easily understand how Jesus could be the beneficent, loving one that he was, knowing, as he did, all that was in the heart of man. I thank God that he does see—that the Father sees. *Because* he sees all, and knows all, is he my loving Father and my God.

"In the morning, love, after they are gone, I will tell you what was done to-day in the presence of the sea."

"The 28th.

"Lucien led me out into the sea afar, further than any other lady dared to go, for you know I am never so tenacious of life as to tremble when there is no danger, nor even when there is. I like to live. I can fully believe and know that I should never drown myself, if troubles mountain high encompassed me about, because I love God and my own soul too well. But any hour that my time to die may come, I shall give my hand to be led through the valley without once crying out or shuddering, or drawing back.

"Lucien is so strong! He held me when the waves came as if he were in an oak tree. But there were screams and protestations on my account among the timid ones. How

I longed that you, too, might be there! How exultant and strong I became each moment! I told Lucien that I would love to be a fish or a petrel, or a something whose legitimate place is over the waters or under the waters.

"The deuce you would?" answered the wild fellow, laughing, and leading me further out to meet a coming wave. It came!—it was gone! and so were my feet from beneath me. So were Lucien's feet; no, not quite gone. He struggled a little to help himself and me, and soon we were both standing firmly again.

"Too bad, wa'n't it, Kate?" said he, turning slowly towards the shore. "I went out there in the first place to give you color and animation; and in the second to give Eerrish disquiet on your account. He has been trembling—see, he comes to us like a good, zealous Peter. Eerrish, my dear fellow!" he called out aloud, and laughing heartily. But Eerrish only looked sober and concerned, as if Lucien were in nowise fit to have the care of himself or me. He looked out anxiously to the waves, and seemed in haste, and as soon as he reached my side he took my disengaged hand, drew it through his arm, and holding it tightly, began leading me towards the shore, saying, at the same time, 'Herkimer, you are a careless fellow. I can't let you stay here, Kate!' (I wonder why his manner cannot always be as earnest, and his voice as good.) But we had not taken two steps when Poseidon and all the Tritons came after us with thundering trident and sounding shells. It was the maddest wave—the wave that bore them! It startled me the more because somehow I expected a great calm the moment that Eerrish touched me. It capsized cousin Lucien, for he was unprepared for the attack. He was proceeding securely, singing—

'Where the winds their revels keep.'

"Eerrish had seen its approach, and when it broke over us was holding me fast, so that we only reeled a little, and were standing again firmly when the wave came back. Lucien was erect in a moment. He always is, you know, although his carelessness exposes him to numberless overturns. We all stood quite still a moment to breathe, and then hurried out; Lucien by himself, and as if he would tear everything before him, now stopping and turning back to chase the waves that had been upon him, and then clambering forward, feeling great terror, great dread of being overtaken. There was vociferous laughter on the shore as this went on. There were, moreover—as we saw

when we reached them—pale faces and trembling limbs, on account of the fright they had had in our behalf. Eerrish was very grave. He was grave during the ride home, and after we got home keeping mostly near me, looking now and then into my face with sober, careful eyes, but seldom speaking.

"Harris of Newburg, who was of our party, stopped here to take supper with us, and spend the night. Others came to take leave of the Gracchi, or to reassure themselves of our safety. Among the last were Cad Furbish and her precious cousin, Mr. Hall. Mr. Hall grew quite tender over my escape; he had accounts of it from his cousin on the moment of his arrival one hour ago, he said. He must congratulate me, and himself too, if I would allow it. I allowed it, and passed on out of his neighborhood.

"Eerrish took my hand, when he said, 'Good night,' but did not keep it a moment, and this pleased me. I liked too the sober, calm face—the sober, calm eyes that followed me to the door as I went. If he would always look like that! Let me tell you honestly what I thought as I looked in the sober face, and mused upon it afterwards here in my room. I thought that if he were only sick, or lame, or poor, or of sorrowful temperament, or anything short of the thoroughly prosperous and happy man he is, I could easily love him dearly, whether he asked me to or not; and could marry him with right good will, if with right good will he wished it. Perhaps he will some way get lame for life, or perhaps he will see his mills run away in the Merrimack, or have the small-pox to mar his comeliness, or something, so that benevolence may rise and declare for him. If this were to take place, I foresee that my whole soul would at once go over to him. And if he were lame, and poor, and sad, and marked with small-pox all together, perhaps then I would not much mind going not only one, but ten steps forward, and moving not only one finger, but all on my two hands, in the way of letting him see that then, for the first time, I was beginning to care for him.

"But it grows late, and I shall say good night. I shall try to sleep, because I know it has never yet been demonstrated that a woman can live always without sleeping, and at the same time thrive well.

"Thine, thy husband's, and thy child's,  
OWN KATE."

#### CHAPTER V.

N—, July 8th.

"Would I just go out into the garden and

pick some currants for the table? And no matter if I picked more than would be needed at tea; they would be good for breakfast, and the stem would be on, so that I could not pick them in the morning. Would I look the cap-drawer over, and see if there were no caps or collars that needed bleaching and ironing? There was a drawer full of caps and collars; and nothing had been done to them since I was over early in the spring. Would I just help shell a few peas? Did I not think it pleasant sitting in the cool, north door to shell peas?

"You know who said this. You know I have been over to Uncle Joshua's, and that Aunt Ruth is as full of business as ever. I *did* like shelling the peas, only I wanted you to be sitting in the cool, north door with me. I wanted to talk with you. Aunt Ruth could only talk of her working plans, occasionally introducing Widower Barnes, hoping that I *wouldn't* marry him if he did come and offer himself while I was there, as she rather thought he meant to do, from the questions he asked Uncle Joshua about me the other day. *He* was not rich enough, and had four little children 'just about of one age,' she said. I had better wait awhile longer than to marry him. I tried to convince her of two things—namely, that I am not waiting; and that if I were waiting, I would sooner marry a poor man who needed me to take care of his children, than a rich one who had no necessities of any sort. She couldn't understand this, she said; she couldn't believe it, hardly. How did I like Mr. Eerrish? She had heard of his being at Uncle Herkimer's often with Lucien. She *supposed* he came to see me of course.

"She looked inquisitively in my face, but with side glances, as she talked.

"I should think you might like him well enough to marry him,' persisted she. 'Of course you intend to marry somebody; every woman a'most does. And, gracious! if there don't come the old widower! spruced up, too! Now he's coming here to see how he likes the looks of you. We'll let the peas go! Come, Kate; come into the sitting room!'

"She began in haste to release me of my pan of peas, and to smooth my hair a little. But I kept hold of the pan, gave my hair a disorderly brush, and went on with my pea-shelling.

"Well, Suz, to make my story short, the widower came in. Aunt called him out our way, and seated him in the sitting-room door near me. Then she joked him about being a grand hand at shelling peas and other farmer's work, he meanwhile looking me over to see how I bore the railery, and

whether I were really worth negotiating for. He concluded that I was not; for all the neighborhood knew that he was 'thinking of me,' and when afterwards all the neighborhood asked him how he liked his girl, he answered with considerable self-complacency, that he was not satisfied with me. I had a 'shiftless' way of raising my hands, and my hair was all in a frouze. He would be afraid of finding some of it in his gravy in the morning, he said. He liked the appearance of Sally Burnham better.

"Tell me, Suz, are not these things wretchedly annoying? Of course this was a nine days' subject of conversation for Aunt. Then she began again to hint at Mr. Eerrish. Did I not suppose he would be down while I was there?

"Oh, no; I guess not, Aunt,' I said, and went off plumping.

"I *hoped* he would come; there is no denying this. And somehow I more than half expected him. I had no reason; this I kept saying to myself at the time; but I felt stranded, ungenially, as I always do at Uncle Joshua's, and I wanted to see him, especially when the beautiful moonlit evenings came on. I often sat there in the door, looking down the way to see if I could not spy his head and shoulders above the wall. At last Lucien came alone. I heard him singing some minutes before I saw him; and then he came walking slowly by the side of his horse. The animal and his carriage were all hung about with asparagus and crimson clusters of the phlox. He had stolen them, he said, with their fair owner looking on, at a garden back in the edge of the town. No one has a more thorough enjoyment in riding, or whatever else he may be doing, than cousin Lucien. He had a handful of little sprays of raspberry, red with the ripe fruit. He had ate all he wanted as he came, he said, and had brought those to me.

"The evening had passed, and the next morning. And he was soon to be going, still I had not heard a word about Eerrish, which was the more remarkable, as he generally mixes his name with almost everything he says.

"His horse was at the door, surely! I could have asked him about his friend easily enough when he first came, in the time for making inquiries. Now, after having put it off so long, it was not an easy thing to do. Now would he not speak, now when he was gathering his reins? Yes; he looked out after having once said, 'Good bye,' and as if it were a sudden thought, said, 'Oh! Kate! Eerrish is in for it, over head and ears. Mrs. Farnsworth has got Bella Hovey over



there, from Salem—a splendid girl! like a queen! Uncle Josh, I wish you would see to that rigging there. She—there; that'll do, thank you—she is rich enough, and gracious enough to turn the head of *any* old bachelor, or young one either, faith! I feel a sort of tizzy-rizzen—you know what it is, Uncle Josh—up here (with his finger skirmishing crazily over his brain) at every sight of her. And Eerrish and I must sit day after day, and eat our bread and butter with her, you know, Kate. She has invitations out, a plenty of them—the dear creature; but she prefers staying where she is, and Mrs. Farnsworth ceases not day nor night hinting to Eerrish that it is out of fondness for his company. Not a word about her fondness for my company, mark you! I've a good mind to shoot Eerrish, only I'm apprehensive that I should see Bella fall distractedly, weeping on his dead body, as the approved manner of heroines is, you know. So keep your rusty gun, Uncle. I am determined not to try that, come what will come—

“‘I hae loved ye well and lang, Bell,  
An' shall while I hae life,  
But ye've caused me mony a pang, Bell,  
What should hae been your——!’”

“‘Good bye, Kate! Good bye, Uncle and Aunt!’”

“He bowed again and again, laughed merrily, and rode off singing, with a visage suddenly made dolorous—

“‘Ye cam o' your ain will, Bell,  
Ye saw that I was poor;  
Ye kenned I was nae light o' love;  
Ye should hae passed our door.’”

“I am sure, Suz, I have thought a long time that few things would gladden me more than to see Eerrish tied fast for life. And so it would have turned out, doubtless, if he had not first shown me the good, sober face. As it was, I felt something in my throat, every little while all day after Lucien left. And wicked mortal that I was, I wished that it were some little, dumpy, brown body he was to marry, not so splendid a personage, with so splendid a name as Bella Hovey.

“But now that I am back here in this dear spot, hour by hour I am forgetting the sober face and the queen, Bella Hovey, ‘grows beautifully less’ in my concerns.

“Uncle and Aunt are well. It affects me to see how grateful they are to have me here once more.

“‘You are pale, dear,’ said Aunt, the morning after I came. ‘You must stay here with us after this. You are always best here.’”

“‘Yes, Aunt; best and happiest here, ten thousand times! I was thinking all along as I came over, that I wouldn't want to live a day if it were not for you and Uncle, and this dear old home.’ We all wiped a few tears away, and then, happy and loving in each other, we went out to see how the flowers had been thriving in my absence.

“Now, Suz dear, here I am, and here I am to remain, to be the prop of our good Uncle and Aunt in their declining days—to welcome you with joyful heart whenever you come—to keep weeds out of the garden and flowers in the vases—to go round often looking into the faces and the homes of the very poor, and sick, and afflicted. One other thing I am longing every hour to do: to go to the Cemetery, where it is still and solemn, and work in the shady corner of our lot, where by and by my grave is to be. Don't connect this with Bella Hovey, in any way, and laugh at me, Suz. Although I dare say I should laugh if you could come in now, you blessed one, and sit down here close by my side. But you are far away, and I keep wiping the tears whenever I think of you, and how lonely the evenings are and will be here in this great, still house, and how I can think of nothing but of going to plant roses where I shall sleep when this life on earth is all over.

“Adieu, dearest. Heaven be in your heart, and in the heart of those you love. Write to me; beg your husband to write. Send me something new in the book line, and believe me,

“Yours for ever,

“KATE.”

## SWALLOW BARN.

SWALLOW BARN is such another reproduction of the life of Old Virginia as Bracebridge Hall is of the cheerful Old England. Both we fear are pictures of fading and half-forgotten existences; but they will remain happy types of the minds of their respective authors, genial, graceful views of human nature and social life, ideals which, even in the most troublous times, will be always more or less realized—for the heart will always answer to scenes of quiet and friendship, traits of domestic happiness, and carefully nurtured home humors. Mr. Kennedy drew such a picture of life some twenty years ago in his *Swallow Barn*. He intimates to us now in the preface to the new edition of the work, that all this romance of the Old Dominion is becoming traditional. It is doubtless so, and much to be regretted is the fact of the changes coming over our old national manners of the era of the Revolution; but we have the guarantee in the favorable reception of works of this class that the spirit is not extinct. Sure we are that what was amiable and happy in those old times will be reproduced again in new and stranger forms, perhaps, but in the ancient vitality.

The early manners of the American people, the exhibition of the sudden effects of the liberty of the new world upon the culture of the old, the mixture of refinement and simplicity, the drawing-room planted in the forest, the courtier turned planter, the pampered Puritan worshipping in his own way, with the consequent train of family usages and the thousand interminglings of Europe with the virgin soil of the new country—these in their better development afford some of the finest topics for our romance-writers, where his privileges blend with the sober duties of the historian. We have one such picture of primitive manners—people call them primitive; but there was a world of antecedent culture for their growth—in Mrs. Grant's "*Memoirs of an American Lady*," of the Dutch colonists of the Hudson. Mr. Judd has given us some strong, vigorous touches of New England life in his *Margaret*. Hawthorne has presented many traits less literally—veiled by his sombre fancy—of a later era with far different circumstances: Mrs. Kirkland's *New Home* is a faithful version.

Mr. Kennedy's book is and will remain a favorite picture of the South. Its very languor is characteristic of the topic. You

have no keen sentences or closely-packed energetic writing, but a leisurely induction of incident and anecdote. There is time enough before us all: "old Virginia never tires;" and of a long summer afternoon or winter's fire-side, *Swallow Barn* may be safely entertained as among the most cheerful of companions. Its sketches are commonly of the Irvingesque type, amiable in temper, but not without an occasional touch of humorous satire to relieve them from the insipidity of dull eulogy. In pleasant proof of this read the following hit at Virginia eloquence. Frank Meriwether, one of the *dramatis personæ*, the pegs upon which the author hangs his essays, is thus introduced near the commencement:—

## SPLATTERTHWAITE DUBBS.

"I observe, moreover, that he has a constitutional fondness for paradoxes, and does not scruple to adopt and republish any apothegm that is calculated to startle one by its novelty. He has a correspondence with several old friends, who were with him at college, and who have now risen into an extensive political notoriety in the state: these gentlemen furnish him with many new currents of thought, along which he glides with a happy velocity. He is essentially meditative in his character, and somewhat given to declamation; and these traits have communicated a certain measured and deliberate gesticulation to his discourse. I have frequently seen him after dinner stride backwards and forwards across the room for some moments, wrapped in thought, and then fling himself upon the sofa, and come out with some weighty doubt, expressed with a solemn emphasis. In this form he lately began a conversation, or rather a speech, that for a moment quite disconcerted me. 'After all,' said he, as if he had been talking to me before, although these were the first words he uttered—then making a parenthesis, so as to qualify what he was going to say—'I don't deny that the steamboat is destined to produce valuable results—but after all, I much question (and here he bit his upper lip, and paused an instant)—if we are not better without it. I declare, I think it strikes deeper at the supremacy of the states than most persons are willing to allow. This annihilation of space, sir, is not to be desired. Our protection against the evils of consolidation consists in the very obstacles to our intercourse. Splatterthwaite Dubbs of Dinwiddie (or some such name—Frank is famous for quoting the opinions of his contemporaries. This Splatterthwaite, I take it, was some old college chum who had got into the legislature, and I dare say made pungent speeches), Dubbs

of Dinwiddie made a good remark—That the home material of Virginia was never so good as when her roads were at their worst.' And so Frank went on with quite a harangue, to which none of the company replied one word, for fear we might get into a dispute. Everybody seems to understand the advantage of silence when Meriwether is inclined to be expatiatory."

The transmigrations and decadence of one of this orator's expressions give the history of more than one worn-out metaphor, which, starting from some great orator, is ignominiously bandied about by vulgar declaimers:

#### DECLINE AND FALL OF METAPHOR.

"Meriwether had given several indications, immediately after breakfast, of a design to pour out upon us the gathered ruminations of the last twenty-four hours, but we had evaded the storm with some caution, when the arrival of two or three neighbors—plain, homespun farmers—who had ridden to Swallow Barn to execute some papers before Frank as a magistrate, furnished him with an occasion that was not to be lost. After despatching their business, he detained them, ostensibly to inquire about their crops, and other matters of their vocation; but, in reality, to give them that very flood of politics which we had escaped. We, of course, listened without concern, since we were assured of an auditory that would not flinch. In the course of this disquisition, he made use of a figure of speech which savored of some previous study, or, at least, was highly in the oratorical vein. 'Mark me, gentlemen,' said he, contracting his brow over his fine thoughtful eye, and pointing the forefinger of his left hand directly at the face of the person he addressed, 'Mark me, gentlemen—you and I may not live to see it, but our children will see it, and wail over it—the sovereignty of this Union will be as the rod of Aaron; it will turn into a serpent, and swallow up all that struggle with it.' Mr. Chubb was present at this solemn denunciation, and was very much affected by it. He rubbed his hands with some briskness, and uttered his applause in a short but vehement panegyric, in which were heard only the detached words—'Mr. Burke—Cicero.'

"The next day Ned and myself were walking by the school-house, and were hailed by

Rip, from one of the windows, who, in a sly under tone, as he beckoned us to come close to him, told us 'if we wanted to hear a regular preach, to stand fast.' We could look into the schoolroom unobserved, and there was our patriotic pedagogue haranguing the boys with a violence of action that drove an additional supply of blood into his face. It was apparent that the old gentleman had got much beyond the depth of his hearers, and was pouring out his rhetoric more from oratorical vanity than from any hope of enlightening his audience. At the most animated part of his strain, he brought himself, by a kind of climax, to the identical sentiment uttered by Meriwether the day before. He warned his young hearers—the oldest of them was not above fourteen—to keep a lynx-eyed gaze upon that serpent-like ambition which would convert the government at Washington into Aaron's rod, to swallow up the independence of their native state.'

"This conceit immediately ran through all the lower circles at Swallow Barn. Mr. Tongue, the overseer, repeated it at the blacksmith's shop, in the presence of the blacksmith and Mr. Absalom Bulrush, a spare, ague-and-feverish husbandman who occupies a muddy slip of marsh land on one of the river bottoms, which is now under mortgage to Meriwether; and from these it has spread far and wide, though a good deal diluted, until in its circuit it has reached our veteran groom Carey, who considers the sentiment as importing something of an awful nature. With the smallest encouragement, Carey will put on a tragi-comic face, shake his head very slowly, turn up his eyeballs, and open out his broad, scaly hands, while he repeats with labored voice, 'Look out, Master Ned! Aaron's rod a black snake in Old Virginny!' Upon which, as we fall into a roar of laughter, Carey stares with astonishment at our irreverence. But having been set to acting this scene for us once or twice, he now suspects us of some joke, and asks 'if there isn't a copper for an old negro,' which if he succeeds in getting he runs off, telling us 'he is too 'cute to make a fool of himself.'"

Of the illustrations we can say they are additions to the work, on a favorite theory of our own that any pictures help the imagination.

---

I always reckon that any book pays me in which I find one passage that pleases or tells me something new; and I find one jewel in Mr. Beckford's book on hunting, for which I would have perused a folio. His huntsman christened one of his hounds "Lyman." "Lyman?" said the squire, "why, James, what does Lyman mean?" "Lord, sir," said James, "what does anything mean?" I am transported with James's good sense and philosophy. It comforts me for all the books of science which I do not understand, and is an answer to all the pretended knowledge upon earth."—HORACE WALPOLE.



## THE SCALP-HUNTERS.

DISTINGUISHED by an exaggeration of incident, an occasional dash at the ultra-romantic, and a head-over-heel, jerking style that out-herods even that of Dumas and Sue, and hurries the reader as it were over a course paved with cobble-stones—Pegasus having fairly taken the bit in his teeth—Capt. Reed's book nevertheless is one of much merit, and the very antipodes of the tame and commonplace.

With a dashing pen, imagination sufficient for one volume at least of the Arabian Nights, a score of wild tales, picked up at the camp fires of a spy company, a careful study of Ruxton, and a peep into Monsieur Violet's American Munchausen, the author has founded a novel so startling that, could any comparison be drawn between overstrained sentiment and the slashing of scenes, we might almost be tempted into the apparant absurdity of describing it as the "Jane Eyre" of the Blackwood school of romance.

It is no inconsiderable point in favor of the book, that those who have really been over the country and among the people here described, will read the volume with greater pleasure, and have greater faith in the approximation of the scenes to the possible and probable, than will those who are mere fireside travellers.

It would be unjust to dismiss the book without transposing one of the author's vivid pictures; whether truthful or not, there is both force and skillful handling in his description of the

## PRARIE MIRAGE.

"As if by enchantment, the cold snowy surface all at once disappeared. Green fields lay before us, and tall trees sprang up covered with a thick and verdant frondage!

"'Cottonwoods!' cried a hunter, as his eye rested on these still distant groves.

"'Tall saplins at that—Wagh!' ejaculated another.

"'Water thar, fellers, I reckon,' remarked a third.

"'Yes siree! yer don't see such sprouts as them growing out o' a dry peraira. Look! hilloa!"

"'By Gollies, yonder's a house!"

"'A house? one—two—three—a house? thar's a whole town, if thar's a single shanty. Gee! Jim, look yonder. Wagh!"

"I was riding in front with Seguin—the rest of the band strung out behind us. I had been for some time gazing upon the ground in a sort of abstraction—looking at the snow-white efflorescence, and listening to the crunching of my horse's hoofs through its icy incrustation. These exclamatory phrases caused me to raise my eyes. The sight that met them was one that made me rein up with a sudden jerk. Seguin had done the same, and I saw that the whole band had halted with a similar impulse!

"We had just cleared one of the buttes, that had hitherto obstructed our view of the great gap. This was now directly in front of us; and along its base on the southern side, rose the walls and battlements of a city—a vast city, judging from its distance, and the colossal appearance of its architecture! We could trace the columns of temples, and doors, and gates, and windows, and balconies, and parapets, and spires! There were many towers rising high over the roofs; and in the middle was a temple-like structure, with its massive dome towering far above all the others!

"I looked upon this sudden apparition with a feeling of incredulity. It was a dream, an imagination, a *mirage*! Ha! it was the *mirage*."

"But no! The mirage could not effect such a complete picture. There were the roofs, and chimneys, and walls, and windows! There were the parapets of fortified houses, with their regular notches and embrasures! It was a reality. It *was* a city!"

"Was it the Cibolo of the Spanish Padré? Was it that city of golden gates and burnished towers? Was the story of the wandering priest after all true? Who had proved it a fable? Who had ever penetrated this region, the very country in which the ecclesiastic represented the golden city of Cibolo to exist?"

"I saw that Seguin was puzzled—dismayed—as well as myself! He knew nothing of this land. He had never witnessed a mirage like that!"

"For some time we sat in our saddles, influenced by strange emotions. Shall we go forward? Yes! We must reach water. We are dying of thirst; and impelled by this we spur onward."

"We had ridden only a few paces fruther, when the hunters uttered a sudden and simultaneous cry! A new object—an object of terror—was before us! Along the mountain foot appeared a string of dark forms. *They were mounted men!*

"We dragged our horses to their haunches—our whole line halting as one man."

"'Injuns!' was the exclamation of several.

"'Indians they must be,' muttered Seguin. 'There are no other here—Indians! No! There never were such as them. See! they are not men! Look! their huge horses—their long guns—they are giants! By heaven!' continued he, after a moment's pause, 'they are bodiless. *They are phantoms!*'

"There were exclamations of terror from the hunters behind.

"Were these the inhabitants of the city? There was a striking proportion in the colossal size of the horses and the horsemen!

"For a moment I was awe-struck, like the rest. Only a moment. A sudden memory flashed upon me. I thought of the Hartz mountains and their demons. I knew that the phenomena before us could be no other—an optical delusion—a creation of the *mirage*.

"I raised my hand above my head. The foremost of the giants imitated the motion!

"I put spurs to my horse and galloped forward. So did he, as if to meet me; after a few springs I had passed the refracting angle; and, like a thought, the shadowy giant vanished into air!

"The men had ridden forward after me; and, having also passed the angle of refraction, saw no more of the phantom host.

"The city, too, had disappeared; but we could trace the outlines of many a singular formation in the trap-rock strata that traversed the edge of the valley.

"The tall groves were no longer to be seen; but a low belt of green willows—real willows—could be distinguished along the foot of the mountain, within the gap. Under their foliage there was something that sparkled in the sun like sheets of silver. *It was water!* It was a branch of the Prieto!

"Our horses neighed at the sight; and shortly after we had alighted upon its banks, and were kneeling before the sweet spirit of the stream."

Being a long way from home, and breaking ground far removed from the line of fire of the sharpshooters of the British press, Capt. Reed has evidently improved the occasion to astonish the natives.

Whether he will succeed in his laudable purpose is a matter of uncertainty; for since the invasion of the Crystal Palace by the "America," Commodore Stevens, John Bull has ceased to be astonished at anything, having had his energies rather overtasked in that line.

#### THE WELL.

IN slave-land there's a crystal well, its bucket  
worn and old;  
Ye'd think the snow was on your lip, its waters  
are so cold;  
The village almost circled it, and far o'er hill  
and vale,  
At eve there came full many a slave to fill his  
shining pail.  
Ah! pleasant, pleasant sound, to hear the chain  
unwinding slow,  
And hear the icy bucket dropping, dropping far  
below,  
And see the merry children from their happy  
gambols break,  
And fly unto this crystal well their burning thirst  
to slake.  
  
And pleasant 'twas to lift the draught unto the  
fevered lip,  
And feel the cool, soft water on your burning  
fingers drip;  
And pleasant 'twas in summer time to gaze far  
down below,  
To catch the cold draught on your cheek, like  
breath from mountain snow.  
Ah! years on years it was the same, at fall of  
eventide,  
Full many a tired one sought the spot from valley  
and hill-side,  
And happy jests and gossip from the weary-  
hearted fell,  
As he, with clumsy motion, drew the water from  
the well.

Columbia, Tenn.

Ah! many a lip is silent now, that quaffed its  
waters clear,  
And eyes, that gazed far down its depths, have  
wept the burning tear;  
The weary feet have homeward turned, that  
sought its path at even—  
Have *homeward* turned—*homeward* on earth?  
Ah no! they rest in Heaven!  
The village is a city now, but still the old well  
stands,  
Though every draught its bosom yields must  
pass to strangers' hands;  
'Tis changeless yet! though 'round it now, the  
tramp, by night and day,  
Hath turfless made the green spot, where the  
children used to play.  
  
The village is a city now—the streets are long  
and wide;  
And noble domes are rising in the vale and on  
hill-side;  
The church is in the same old place, but lifts a  
loftier spire,  
Arising in the sunlight, like a white flame in the  
fire.  
All, all is changed, but that old well that yield-  
eth, year by year,  
Its waters to the thirsty lip, as icy and as  
clear;  
And like the heart, that, spotless, in the tempting  
world doth dwell,  
'Tis changeless and unsullied yet—this relic  
old—this well!

J. M. A.

## FINE ARTS.

LEUTZE'S WASHINGTON CROSSING THE  
DELAWARE.

WASHINGTON appropriately represented in poem, statuary, or picture, will never lack majesty and interest in the eyes of the American people. He has just been thus successfully presented by Mr. Leutze on canvas in one of the most memorable scenes of his career. The eye fastens upon his single figure in the picture of the army crossing the Delaware on that cold morning following the Christmas of 1776—and the mind dilates with the grandeur of the scene, and the artist's portraiture of the man.

The painting is long in proportion to its length, and its main interest is concentrated on the boat bearing our "Cæsar and his fortunes." This boat is in the immediate foreground, its ends being equidistant from the sides of the picture. It contains twelve figures. Washington is of course the most prominent. He stands with one foot on a bench in an attitude expressing eagerness without impatience—the whole soul of the man is alive with his great purpose; there is energy in the clutch of the small spy-glass, which he has in one hand resting on his knee, and resolution in the firmness with which he faces the driving sleet, yet with all this the dignity and firm repose of the man are preserved. It has more energy than we have ever yet seen thrown into any painting of the great hero. Of the other personages in the boat, two, General Greene and Colonel Munroe, are portraits, the rest are to be regarded as types of the men of the time. On the prow a man is seated who is working at a large cake of ice with an iron-shod pole. He is pushing aside another with a vigorous shove of his foot, cased in an immense boot set with heavy nails. He wears a fur cap, which, with his yellowish hair and rugged features, remind one of Mr. Leutze's Norsemen in his celebrated "Landing." An individual in a loose white coat who, with Col. Munroe, is sustaining the pole of the large flag, whose stars and stripes mingle in massive folds, has something of the same family likeness. Gen. Greene is seated, and, wearing a heavy blue cloak, is looking eagerly forward over the side of the boat. Behind him is a fine fresh youth, whose ruddy complexion is in fine contrast with the rugged features of most of the others all around.

Two men wrapped in blankets may be inferred, from their features and passivity, compared to the energy of the rest, to be Indians. The steersman is in hunter's shirt and leggins.

Behind the boat, and in the background of the picture, other boats are seen, some containing horses, neighing as if for Homeric strife, others with equipments of war and groups of animated soldiers. In front on the opposite side of the picture, is the New Jersey shore, a succession of gently sloping banks, covered with patches of snow, with a tree rising here and there with bare limbs, a landscape bleak and cold as the season. Beyond the shore the boat is surrounded with floating ice, its cracks and fissures and snow-covered surface all accurately painted. These masses seem themselves alive, so vigorously do they jostle and surge against one another. The morning light is breaking through dark clouds and a light, driving mist, the morning star being faintly visible in the distant and faintly blue sky, revealed by the parting clouds.

We saw this painting under great disadvantages, it being set against the wall, without a frame, and in a bad position for light, but we are sure that the highly-wrought anticipations of the public will be more than realized. It is incomparably the best painting yet executed of an American subject. The difficulties of the continental costume, with its angular corners and obtrusive buttons, are admirably got over, without any sacrifice of historic truth. It is abundantly varied in character, strong in color, and full of emphasis and earnestness without exaggeration.

MR. HEALEY'S WEBSTER AND THE SENATE  
CHAMBER.

MR. HEALEY's painting of "Webster replying to Hayne," which has employed the artist for several years, and been frequently mentioned by the journals of the day during that interval, is now on exhibition at the rooms of the Academy of Design. It is of a large scale, and includes no less than one hundred and thirty figures, all of them, with the exception of three or four, thrown in to suit the exigencies of the grouping-portraits. Webster in full light in the centre of the picture, is the most elaborated. The attitude



is well chosen, as the orator is supposed to rest, with the full attention of the house upon him, at the well-known passage:—"Liberty and Union, now and forever—one and inseparable!" We might except to the figure an air of conscious effort in the position, as of a much smaller man striking an attitude for the most effective display of his height. The countenance, too, marked and striking, is somewhat more elegant in expression than befits the New England Jupiter. Indeed the excellence of the picture generally is that of a tasteful rather than a forcible work. It is picturesque in grouping, the usual difficulties of the "shin" pictures, where public assemblies are introduced, being skilfully got over. There is even some variety in costume, the despair of an artist among a modern audience. Webster's blue coat and buff vest, the dress of Charles James Fox, the American Revolution, and—not least—the "blue and yellow" of the Edinburgh Review, are neat and pictorial; while a central figure, in long white hair and many-folded vest, Governor Tazewell, is as well-made-up a Virginian of the old school as Kennedy has anywhere pictured in his Swallow Barn. Calhoun, in the chair, though sketchily drawn is, as usual, a striking figure. What we think the highest merit of the picture, is the ease with which so large a body conduct themselves on canvas. It is an exceedingly gentlemanly assembly, which is a high merit in a work so far removed from inanity. We may congratulate the artist on this refined quality of the work.

There is an anachronism in the picture which detracts somewhat from its historical qualities. The heads introduced are, many

of them, of persons who were not and could not have been present on the occasion. It is a portrait-gallery of the artist's choice, including Longfellow, Goodrich, the French painter, Couture, and others—a privilege which an artist undoubtedly may exercise according to numerous precedents, not only in the Old Masters, who took care of themselves and their friends among saints and angels, but in such examples as Haydon's "Entry into Jerusalem," where Wordsworth and Hazlitt are introduced. But in this case the introductions are so numerous, and the periods from which they are taken—almost of the same generation—so near to each other that some perplexity and confusion are like to ensue as to what authentically belongs to the particular occasion. Thus we have the slender Longfellow of fifteen years ago, and alongside of him Philip Hone, not in the full *personnel* of that period, but in the worn, meagre outline of his last years, when his fine person had been impaired by illness. For its pictorial representations it requires the gloss of the painter's commentary as to time and place of portraiture.

It is still a valuable historical picture. The personages of the Senate chamber are there *in situ*, and their portraits will, as they deserve to be, be studied in Mr. Healey's picture by posterity.

Its probable destination is said to be Faneuil Hall. Massachusetts certainly will not allow the work to remain out of Boston. The rest of the country will have an opportunity to become acquainted with this national picture when it shall have been engraved, as well as by the exhibitions in our large cities.

#### PICTURES FROM "ALTON LOCKE."

##### ALTON TO LILLIAN.

O DARKNESS, round about me cast;  
O cloud, impenetrable, vast;  
Will no bright angel break at last  
This sev'rous fate?

No angel, poised on shining wing,  
One ray of mortal gladness bring,  
And open to my sorrow fling  
Heav'n's golden gate?

Hark! Lillian's voice my spirit hears,  
The phantom of life's wasted years,  
The sun-blast scorching up my tears—

It flashes by;  
Not radiant!—'tis a seething fire,  
The torch-light at ambition's pyre,  
The mocker of that wild desire  
Which would not die.

False Lillian! floating in my dream  
And smiling, 'till I could but deem  
Thee angel, not a fiendish gleam.

A Spirit curse—  
Why haunt me wheresoe'er I turn?  
My spirit shall the lie unlearn,  
Nor make thee, longer, in its yearn,  
The universe.

Begone! thou false and wicked one;  
Thou cloud betwixt me and the sun—  
The evil thou couldst do, is done,

Away, be gone!  
Another soul—the pure and bright—  
Fair Eleanor, has brought me light;  
No more, thou shape of sin and night,  
Obscure my dawn!

C. D. STUART.

## JOHN CALVIN.

"THERE are a great many among the Roman Catholics," says Bayle in his day in his Dictionary, "who would do Calvin justice if they durst speak their thoughts." We may parody this remark by saying there are a great many Protestants outside of his own sect, in our time, who would regard Calvin with reverence were they acquainted with the man and his works. His reputation has suffered with the reaction from Puritanism, but when he is looked at calmly, in a just historical light, and with a philosophical estimate of his personal temperament, it will not be considered very manly or intellectual to talk of him with contempt. The times in which he was born require a judgment by themselves, and the duty to which his lot fell at Geneva, which has colored the popular view of the man, was a peculiar one. Withal his character was one to accomplish great deeds at the expense of some of the minor virtues. He could not be Erasmus, Melancthon, Luther, and Calvin all in one. His rigid, logical, and practical work left him no time or disposition for the lighter graces of scholarship of the first, the mildness of the second, the overflowing heart and tenderness of the third. But he stands on as lofty a pedestal as any one of them by his inflexible prosecution of duty, and the vast power which he has exercised over the religious world.

We think of Calvin commonly in his residence at Geneva. There he passed a great part of his mature life—there his system was brought into practice—there Servetus was burnt at the stake—and there he died. The history of this city solves the external problems of his life. Geneva was then in a confused, troubled state, vibrating between deeply-rooted perversions of faith and conduct of the worn-out Romish system, and reflecting all these evils in a peculiar system of magistracy, a series of representative councils inextricably interwoven together, partaking at once of the evils of an oligarchy and a turbulent democracy. Into these affairs Calvin was plunged. The new revived faith was to be introduced, and the new faith required purity of manners. Monkish doctrines and monkish modes of life were to be rooted out; and they were, but not without a struggle. The strife of parties was violent. It was a domestic quarrel with the participation of the bystanders, for other cities shared in it, Basle and Berne. Things

indifferent were the tests of higher interests Calvin and Farel were inflexible. Petty councils, vexatious correspondence, banishments ensued. In the conflict Puritanism was to rule, yet the times were not fully ripe for this consummation. Calvin was driven out. We are accustomed to think this nineteenth century a period of turmoil and confusion—yet, from the facility of means, the neutralizing influences of the press, and other agencies, it is one of peace compared with the vexed personal conflict of the period of the Reformation. It requires a cool head and a keen wit to steer amidst the theological distractions and political and social turbulence of the sixteenth century.

When we add to this that the religious independence involved also the civil liberty of the small state, we may pardon the excessive zeal of the councils in their efforts for the peculiar form of Protestantism which embraced the former.

Calvin, once banished, was again invited to return, which he did with every honor. The state could not spare him. The time and place required strong measures. We do not sympathize with all the rigors and restrictions put in force; many of them were harsh, some puerile. Calvinism went further than in our taste seems altogether desirable in "eclipsing the gayety of nations;" but it was, it must be admitted, the stern mother of great virtues.

Calvin was not quite so fearful a man to live with as he has been represented. Dr. Henry, in his German memoirs of the day, through which every now and then breaks a fresh gleam of philosophic insight, remarks, after a careful induction of biographic particulars, "It may be said of Calvin that he was one of the few great men with whom it would not be difficult to live, *supposing our intentions good*. His character was fixed; he ever acted according to principle, without changeableness or caprice. It was only when he stood opposed to those whose will was perverse and wicked that he was irritable and passionate."

The event upon which the greatest interest will always centre in Calvin's life was the trial and execution of Servetus. It is a melancholy passage of the history of Geneva, and so of Calvin's life, every one must acknowledge. Two palliating circumstances are obviously to be stated. Servetus was a very decided and wilful arch heretic, and the exe-

cution of heretics was then an every day matter. On the other hand, it is sorrowfully to be regretted that the humanity of the present day, on such occasions, had not then entered into the reforms of Calvin. Not to be superior to his age in such a man, in such an instance, was a grand defect. Dr. Paul Henry, whose sympathies are strongly with Calvin and his teaching, enters at length upon this question. His handling of Servetus in the fourth chapter of his third part is a masterly and pathetic passage, candid in statement and keen-sighted in its view of the enthusiastic but morally feeble heretical reformer. "There was much in Servetus," says he, "which was still chaotic, but which in later times has come forth in the light of pure thought." And again:—"Servetus represented himself from the beginning as a new prophet; as one appointed to regenerate christendom, and as raised above both Catholics and Protestants. But notwithstanding this boast, he was doubtful and perplexed. We may properly compare him to Hamlet, whose judgment, in reference to his good will, was too weak for the great part which he had undertaken, and who therefore had an appearance of insanity. In a similar manner Servetus had not ability corresponding to his extensive design, but was skilful enough to disturb the reformation in the south. He was deficient in understanding, and, therefore, indulged in vain and wanton blasphemies." There is feeling in all this, while the biographer sets his favorite Calvin aside to exhibit in *all* his proportions the proscribed Servetus. As a continued example of this we quote the touching concluding scenes of this most unhappy tragedy:—

#### LAST HOURS OF SERVETUS.

"The last hours of Servetus were the best in his life; his improvement began with his misfortunes; as if the spirit of the Lord had found the way to his heart, through sorrow and the expectation of death, and had thus rapidly developed his capability of good. He was now about forty-four years of age; but during the short period of his imprisonment at Vienna, his mind had advanced more rapidly than during the whole of his earlier career. This was most conspicuously the case at the last. It is certain, however, that he failed in acquiring a thorough knowledge of himself. \* \* \*

"We would fain pass with him these last two days of his unhappy life. He regarded it as a matter of conscience not to think for a moment of retracting; and this creates a certain degree of interest in his favor. The gaoler opened the door of the prison, the officers of justice entered, and read to him the sentence, 'that he was on the following morning to be burnt alive, and his body consumed to ashes.' He remained dumb

for a moment, as if a thunderbolt had struck him. Then, after deep sighs, which resounded through the hall in which he was seated, groans and howlings followed, like those of a madman.\* At last he cried, 'Have mercy, have mercy!' A true martyr would now have found strength to praise God for giving him so glorious an opportunity of bearing testimony to the faith. How differently did the five confessors at Lyons, like numberless others of the same spirit, walk to the place of execution, singing as they went the ninth Psalm! The only appearance of dignity which Servetus manifested was when, ceasing to rave, he suddenly mastered himself, and expressed a general repentance.

"We have no record how he spent the night, but the next day he was calmer. It was the 27th of October, an autumnal day in that beautiful country, where the neighboring hills are often seen covered with snow, while the valley still glows with the richest tints of the season, the glaciers of Savoy rising majestically in their glittering vest above all. The words of Servetus indicated, on this day, a mingling of Christian feeling with his depraved notions, and a sentiment which, in relation to his enemy, had something in it noble. When the heart bears such fruit, as reconciliation with enemies, an earnest desire to pray for forgiveness, and a certain trust in God, there appears to be some truth in its sentiments, even though its convictions may want the clearness given by the spirit.

"The excellent Farel was with the prisoner by seven o'clock in the morning; this was in conformity with the express wish of Calvin, who desired him to accompany the wretched man to the place of execution. The Genevese ministers who had borne witness against him could not well perform this duty. Farel has left us an account of the proceedings.† This holy man easily inspired confidence, and Servetus could have desired no better companion on his last journey, to him so terrible. *Even to us it seems as if a heavy weight were about our feet. We feel with what different eyes the unhappy Servetus must have surveyed the heavens, and the surrounding landscape, as he approached the place of execution, and as he prepared to leave a world which he had been accustomed to look at in the splendor of his imaginary reformation.* \* \* \*

"They were now arrived at the place, where all was prepared for the execution and a large multitude of people assembled. A wide-stretching eminence about two miles from the city, and originally belonging to the bishops, is still known by the name of Champel, or Champey. The road to it lies through the present *Porte Neuve*, and the friendly, shady path, called the *Tour des Philosophes*, lies to the right. From the top of Champel the view extends, on the

\* Op. Fr. p. 1552. Calv. Refut. Error. Serv. p. 523.

† In a letter to Blaarer (Blaurer). An extract only of this letter is given in Hottinger, s. 893; and in Ruchat, t. vi. p. 51. The document was communicated literally to the author by Orelli, the librarian at Zurich.



one side along the valley, surrounded by vineyards, and to the woody amphitheatre of the Jura mountains; on the other, the eye traces the course of the Arve, rushing along with many windings, and pouring at last its snow-grey waters into the clear bright stream of the Rhone. In the distance may be seen the Fort de l'Ecluse, where the Rhone disappears; and on the Savoy side, the two Salêves, the Mole, and the Voirons, which here cover the glaciers of Savoy. On the opposite side of the Arve lies the little town of Carouge. A pleasant villa, surrounded by gardens, now crowns the summit of Champel; but in the lower part of the eminence, where the old place of execution was, an excavation is still found, effected by the removal of the gravel, called 'Le Creux du Bourreau.\*'

"Servetus beheld, as he approached this place, a stake with a huge heap of oak wood and leaves in a circle. At the sight of these preparations he cast himself on the ground, and prayed awhile in silence. During this interval, Farel addressed the surrounding multitude. 'You see,' he said, 'what power Satan has at command, when he once gets possession of a man. Here is one, learned above most others, and who, perhaps, believed that he was acting right. He is now, however, possessed by the devil, which might happen also to any of you.'

"Servetus rose, and Farel encouraged him to speak some few words; but he sighed deeply from his wounded, struggling soul, 'Oh God! oh God!' Farel asked, 'Hast thou nothing else to say?' 'What can I do else,' was the answer, 'but speak of God?' Farel, who did not know what relations he might have, inquired if he had a wife, or children, and added, that if he wished to make any will, a lawyer was present. He made no answer. When Farel, however, asked whether he would not desire the people to pray for him, he yielded to the suggestion, and begged the bystanders to remember him in their prayers. Farel now repeated his former entreaties, and besought him to call upon Christ as the Son of God. This he would not do; but made no mention of his doctrine; and Farel regarded this as providential. 'Satan,' he says, 'was hindered from again spitting out his blasphemies.'

"When Servetus was now led to the pile, Farel exhorted the people to pray for the wretched man, and to entreat the Lord to have mercy on his lost soul, and to turn him from his cursed errors to sound doctrine.†

"The executioner employed by the Genevese was not so well-skilled in his work as others. The wood which had been piled up was fresh oak, still in leaf. There was a stake, and before it a block, upon which Servetus was to seat himself. His feet hung to the ground; his body was fastened by an iron chain to the stake, and his neck by a strong rope twisted several times round it. On his head was a wreath, woven of

straw and leaves, sprinkled with brimstone, through which suffocation might be speedily effected. The book, which had occasioned all his misery, was, according to the sentence, tied to his body, both the manuscript sent to Calvin for his opinion, and the printed work. He now prayed the executioner to put an end to his sufferings as speedily as possible. The officer brought the fire and kindled the wood, so that he was surrounded by the circling flames. At this sight he cried out so terribly that the whole people shrunk back. As the pile continued to burn but slowly, a great many of the people ran and cast additional bundles of wood into the flames. Servetus cried continually to God for mercy. It is possible, as one report states, that a strong wind prevented, for a considerable time, the action of the fire. The torture, to which the papal tribunals had so long doomed believers in the gospel, was prolonged in the case of Servetus, if we may believe the account addressed to the Genevese, for half an hour. Farel says nothing on this subject. At last Servetus cried aloud, and this may be regarded as a sure sign that he persevered in his belief, 'Jesus, Thou Son of the eternal God, have mercy upon me!'—protesting, in the midst of the flames and in defiance of the whole Christian world, against the doctrine of the Trinity.

"When the sun stood at the highest, in the autumnal sky, and the clock of St. Peter's tower struck twelve, Servetus had ended his sufferings, and the people dispersed in silence."

To modern ears this narrative requires no appeal for religious toleration. The voice of humanity shrieks out its answer to the horrid cruelty.

Finely does the German Henry turn from his defence of Calvin in a visionary strain to the hopeful future. "How quickly," writes he, "vanishes the scene which we have described in the grandeur of Nature? The smoke of the burning pile darkens not the hills, which shine in perpetual beauty; those other times have come, which were then but about to dawn; and the Alps, in their deep tranquillity, an image of the rock upon which our faith is built, will testify in the day of promise, when the glad message will resound from all quarters of the world, that the pure gospel has conquered, that the heathen have come in, and that Catholic and Protestant are known no more in the apostolic community, because the truth has loosened all the fetters of the mind. But here, on the spot where Servetus died, must the disciples of Christ vow to each other never again to mar the reconstructed edifice of Christianity through their prejudices; and if these pure evangelical sentiments find a place in their hearts, the citizens of Geneva will assemble on the 27th of October, 1853, when three hundred years shall have passed away, and

\* Keyssler's *Reisen*, b. i. s. 149.

† *Opusc. Fr.* p. 1553.

will ascend the summit of Champel, and there erect a pillar, with this inscription:—  
‘To all defenders of the faith, of freedom of mind, and of conscience!’”

Dr. Henry's Life and Times is a collection of material, correspondence, &c., richly illustrative of the character of Calvin, and not a finished biography for general reading. An English work, greatly indebted to it, the Life by Dyer, reprinted by the Harpers, aims at the latter character. In spirit and succinct narrative, it may be said to be successful, working in much collateral picturesque matter in a short hand way, but it fails in interest by a flippant, depreciatory tone towards its subject. A biographer is not necessarily a partizan admirer of his hero; he may be condemnatory throughout, but the reader requires him to be gravely and respectfully in earnest about it. He must show a sympathy of love or hate. A writer in these columns has already (*Literary World*, No. 230) touched upon one charge

of injustice, an alleged indifference of Calvin on the death of his wife, which Mr. Dyer perpetuates, and the reply to which Bayle had anticipated, speaking of “his great grief,” and referring to two of his letters, probably those brought forward by Dr. Henry.

Dr. Henry's Life, in philosophical reflection, is an important work for the history of religion. It is eloquent and suggestive, full of matter for the theologian. It is to be regretted that it is not presented to the American reader in its full German proportions. The *Quarterly Review*, in pretty strong terms, complains not only of Mr. Stebbing, the English translator's clumsy ignorance of proper names and other blunders, but of his omissions of the valuable notes and appendix—errors and defects reproduced in the reprint. Surely our own scholars, eminent in the department of the translation of German theological literature, might have been appropriately called upon for a better work.

#### THE VIGIL.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

I WILL keep the solemn vigil,  
Kneeling, where thy form was laid,  
Waiting for the last sad honors  
Which by hands of love are paid.

Here I kissed that brow whose coldness  
Sent a thrill from lip to heart,  
Chilling every quick pulsation—  
Bidding Hope's last throb depart.

Here the soft bright curl was severed,  
That was to my bosom pressed—  
Knowing thy dear head no longer  
There in peace and love might rest.

Here I stood, while shadowy phantoms  
Of the coming lonely years,  
Slowly, slowly, passed before me,  
Mocking the relief of tears.

Oh, the burden of that anguish!  
Weighing down both thought and prayer,  
Till I recognised the meaning  
Of that bitter word *despair*!

Now as then, the moonlight streameth  
Coldly through the silent room,  
Serving but to mark more plainly  
Darkness merged in deeper gloom.

And a tracery of shadows—  
Floating, waving fitfully—  
Seem most like a living presence  
With a dumb, deep sympathy.

Well I know the moonlight falleth  
On the grave whose narrow bound  
Gave the form so dearly cherished,  
To the dull, unconscious ground.

July 18th, 1851.

And the foliage fluttering faintly  
To the night wind's solemn strain—  
Throws like shadows on the marble,  
Marking where thou long hast lain.

Yet though life and death divide us—  
Friend of friends! thou nearer art  
Than when first I stood in silence  
Folded closely to thy heart.

Now, thou seest how human frailty  
Struggles with an inner life—  
How resolves and aims are wrested  
From me in the spirit strife.

For my soul is all before thee;  
Doubts—repentance—murmurings  
Sweep by turns, with wail and discord,  
O'er the shuddering, trembling strings.

And thou knowest how slowly—slowly—  
Undertones of harmony,  
To this vexed, perturbed music  
Ever come with thoughts of thee.

Of thy patient, loving spirit,  
Self-renouncing, self-sustained;  
Ever with a thought for others,  
In thy darkest hours retained.

But the first grey light of morning  
Hath its fairer sister kissed;  
And the moonbeams slowly fading  
Warn me from the solemn tryst—

'Till another year has drawn me  
Closer to the grave and Heaven,  
And I kneel once more, beloved,  
Where that last cold kiss was given.

## PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA.

BY A. J. COTHEAL.

[Communicated to the New York Ethnological Society, October 4, 1851.]

The whole east coast of Africa appears, Mr. C. stated, to be ruled by the English, the Portuguese, and the Arabs, except in those portions where the natives of the soil will not acknowledge their nominal masters. The English claim from the Cape possessions to Delagoa Bay; thence including Inyambane, Sofala, Mozambique, and Wiboo, under the Governor-General of the Province of Mozambique as far as Cape Delgado. The remainder, commencing with Keelwa, all the way to Cape Yarfad (Guardafui) and even to Berbera, is claimed by the Seyid *Saeed-bin-Sooltan*, Sovereign of Maskat and its dependencies, whom we call the *Imam*. Beyond Mukdeesha, however, his authority is not acknowledged by the natives; but it certainly is in the ports of Keelwa, Monfia, Zanzibar, Pemba, Mombasa, Lamoo, Brawa, and Mukdeesha, in all of which places he has custom-houses established, and where is seen flying his blood-red flag without a spot or a figure upon it. The habitual residence of the Imam for some years past has been at the Island of Zanzibar. He left it temporarily in April last, with his navy, for Maskat, where one of his sons, whom he had placed as governor, had been getting into trouble with the neighboring Arab tribes; and it was generally believed that the Imam's well known pacific and conciliatory disposition would enable him to restore order in a short time, so as to enable him to return to Zanzibar in the next monsoon.

The native name of the Island is 'Ngooja, the Arab name is Zanguebar, as we style the main land, called by them Mareema; the town they call Bunder Zanguebar.

For an ethnologist this place affords matter of great interest, for here are seen traders and slaves from every portion of East and Mid-Africa and from the islands: Malegash, Hollontontes, Makwas, Sowahils, Somalis, Gallas, etc., from Africa; Town-Arabs and Bedoos, Banyans and Hindoo-men from Asia; some half a dozen Americans from the United States; the British consul, his family, and one German, with a few dependants, represent all Europe. Two or three English merchants formerly established there, finding their goods superseded by American fabrics, have abandoned the place.

The great mass of the inhabitants of the

Island are Sowahils; they are blacks, with woolly hair; but instead of the flat nose and salient jaw of the Southern and Western Africans, their features partake more of the character of the Habshee, or Abyssinian. The language, not at all harsh, appears to be so easily acquired by all foreigners that it has become the *Lingua Franca* of East Africa. The basis is the original tongue, upon which are engrafted a great number of Arabic and Hindustanee, together with many English, Portuguese, and African words more or less modified. The few of the instructed write it with the Arab character. They all profess to be Muslims, well knowing that the Arabs hold paganism in abhorrence, and being principally slaves, they naturally take to the faith of their masters. Slavery sits very lightly in this portion of the world; and although we read many horrible stories in the books, bad usage seems to be an exception of rare occurrence. Every slave almost as soon as he can get a little money together purchases a slave for himself. The master furnishes nothing in the way of support; when any work is to be done the slave is sent for, and when the task is completed he goes about his business. Food and clothing are of very little account, the cocoa-nut and the cassada root supplying the one; and a few yards of yankey, or native white cotton cloth, furnish the other. This is made into a wrapper for the waist of the males; while about the same quantity of blue serves the females for one rather wider and longer, bound tight round the body, under the arms and over the breasts, and reaching down below the knees.— Their thatched huts are built of the fronds of the cocoa-palm braided together and plastered with clay. The better class of them live in stone houses, and emulate the Arabs in everything, and even surpass them in dress, which here is generally a loose frock, with long sleeves and tight round the neck; some wearing over it an abba, others a long overcoat, the waist bound with a girdle of cotton-check, and on the head a turban of the same made round the blue-tasseled red Turkish fez, or Arab tarboosh. The khanja, or crooked dagger, is always sticking in the girdle, but no pistols.

The boats used are narrow canoes or dug-



outs, with an outrigger on each side, costing little labor in their construction. Their larger ones, or dows, are of a singular form, a very long, low, projecting bow, long enough to serve for a bowsprit, while the bulwarks rise gradually until the stern becomes high enough to form a deck-cabin aft. They are from fifty to three hundred tons, very roughly put together with large stud-headed iron spikes, or literally sewed together with cords—the seams caulked with cotton and the whole bottom plastered with *chunam*, Angliscè lime. They go crowded with people so thick that, to one looking from a little distance, there does not seem room enough for the crews to move about.

The people are civil and obliging. Their "*Yambo?*" How d'y'e do? and its answer, "*Yambo sanna,*" Very well; are addressed to every body indifferently, whether strangers or acquaintances. The women do not seem exempt from love of finery: beads, necklaces, ear-rings, nose-rings, bracelets, anklets, etc., are worn in general; others again are proud of their slit lips and ears, stretched out with bone, wooden, or even gold and silver ornaments; and some rejoice in the prominent figures on their faces, arms, and bodies, made in childhood by their loving parents by deep incisions into the flesh. But if we do not consider them "bewitching," they have among them witches and conjurors who are in constant request to drive the evil spirits from the bewitched. The sleepless nights that we passed on our first arrival led us to find the cause in nothing less than the incessant noise from the pipe of a conjuror, who had been engaged nightly in casting out a devil that obstinately persisted in keeping

possession of a dow between our vessel and the shores.

Not to trespass on the time of the Society, I will merely say that the whole of East Africa is destined to come under British rule or "protection." It is constantly watched over by Great Britain and the East India Company, through their consuls and their political agents. The Imam of Maskat cannot move from place to place without having at his side some European functionary to take care of him: but should Great Britain obtain a sway in these countries her present policy would prevent her from monopolizing, and the course events have taken will prevent her from receding from that policy for a long time to come. The consulate and political agency is filled at present by a gentleman in every sense of the word: a field-officer in the Company's service; courteous, hospitable and learned, who, while executing the instructions of his government, will be above those strange blusterings which we see exhibited by some functionaries in their intercourse with the weaker American states.

As to missionary labors in this region, the only station is at Mombasa, where Dr. Krapff was residing before his late return to England. In March or April last we passed at sea an Arab dow going down the coast. On her deck were several persons dressed in European costume, who answered in English the hailing from our vessel. We afterwards learned that Dr. Krapff had just arrived back at Mombasa; and in fact there were lying before us in the Zanzibar Custom house some parcels addressed to him for that place.

#### THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE IN OLDEN TIMES.

BY W. B. TAYLOR.

[A paper read before the New York Historical Society, October 7, 1851.]

MR. W. B. TAYLOR, who has been connected with the Post office Department more than thirty-five years, thirty of which has been passed in this city, contributed a paper of original research on the New York Post office, narrating many curiosities of the early history of the country, notices of the subject by the General Court Records of Massachusetts in 1639, of the care of foreign letters in charge of "Richard Fairbanks, his house in Boston;" of Virginia regulations in 1657 and '58, providing a messenger to convey the despatch to the next plantation on the route, and so on from one to the other, till it reached its destination, with the greatest speed, under

a penalty of *one hogshead of tobacco*. In 1683 William Penn established a post office, and appointed Henry Waddy, of Sacking, Postmaster, with authority "to supply passengers with horses from Philadelphia to New Castle, or to the Falls of Delaware." He fixed the rates of postage thus: "Letters from the Falls of Philadelphia, 3d.; to Chester, 6d.; to New Castle, 7d.; to Maryland, 5d." The post went once a week, and its movements were regularly published "on the meeting house door, and other public places."

The first regulation providing for the transmission of letters by post in the province of New York, bears date 10 December, 1672,

when Governor Lovelace established "a post to go monthly" from New York to Boston and back again. This regulation purported to be in obedience to his Majesty's commands, "who enjoynes all his subjects, in their distinct colonies, to enter into a strict alliance and correspondence with each other, as likewise for the Advancement of Negotiation, Trade, and Civill Commerce, and for the speedy intelligence and Dispatch of affayres." It gave notice that a messenger should start on 1st January, 1672-3. "If any, therefore, have any small letters or portable goods, to bee conveyed to Hartford, Connecticut, Boston, or any other parts on the road, they shall be carefully delivered according to the directions by a sworne Messenger and Post, who is purposely employed in that affayre. In the interim, those that bee disposed to send letters, lett them bring them to the Secretary's office, where, in a lockt Box, they shall be preserv'd till the Messenger calls for them. All persons paying the Post before the bag bee sealed up." In various patents granted subsequently for lands along this route, a condition was inserted, obliging the patentees to ferry the postman over gratis. Matters continued in this position until Dongan's arrival, when he recommended setting up post houses along the coast, from Carolina to Nova Scotia. He was authorized to farm the privilege to any undertaker for three or five years, the profits from all the post offices within his Majesties dominions, whether foreign plantations or in Europe, being claimed by the Duke of York. (Lond. doc. iv) Accordingly, an order in Council was passed on the 2d March, 1684-5, establishing a post office "for the better correspondence between the Colonies of America." The rates for rideing post were fixed at 3d. per mile; the postage on every single letter not above 100 miles was to be 3d., if more proportionably (Counc. Min. v. 106). In 1686, 14 September, an order was made for the delivery of ship letter in these words: "That no letters be delivered in any place whatsoever except the Custom House of this City; paying for every packett or double letter nine pence, for every single letter four pence half-penny; the one moyety of which moneys shall be given to such poor as shall be nominated by the Capt. Generall and Council, the other half to the officer of the Custom House, which is to continue until further order." In January, 1691-2, letters patent were issued under the great seal, granting unto Thomas Neal, his executors and assigns, authority to erect post offices in America for the period of twenty-one years. He appointed Colonel Andrew Hamilton, of New Jersey, Postmaster General for the colo-

nies. In 1692 the latter brought the subject before the Council at New York, and the consequence was an act establishing a post office in that city. The rates established were: For every single letter to New York, 9d.; from Virginia to New York, 12d.; and for eighty miles and under, four pence half-penny (Bradford's Laws, Ed. 1694). The charge was found, in the following year, to exceed the profits fourfold, and an aid of 50 pounds was voted, which was renewed in 1695. The above act was renewed by the Legislature from time to time, yet for ten years after this the post from New York went eastward no further than Boston, and westward only to Philadelphia. "There is no other post upon all this continent," writes Lord Cornbury, in 1704. "If I have any letters to send to Virginia or to Maryland, I must either send an express, who is often retarded for want of boats to cross those great rivers they must go over, or else for want of horses; or else I must send them by some passengers who are going thither. The least I have known any express take from hence to Virginia, has been three weeks. Coll. Nicholson and Coll. Seymour have wrote me word they will be here in September, and I do then intend to propose to them the settling of a Post to go through to Virginia." (Lond. Doc. xvi.) In 1710, Hamilton having sold his privilege to the Crown, the post office of Great Britain, Ireland, and America were placed under one direction, by the 9th of Queen Anne. (See Holmes's Annals, ii. 78.) The department of America was put under a Deputy Post Master General, to which office Benjamin Franklin was appointed in 1753. The books of the Department were then kept by Benjamin Franklin himself, and are still preserved among the archives of the department, in his own hand writing, when the whole force of the department was the Postmaster General, at a salary of \$1,000 per annum. The present Postmaster General is assisted by nearly two hundred subordinates in the department, and nearly thirty thousand scattered throughout the country.

From all this it is plain that New York was the first colony in America that made legal provision for the transmission of letters by post.

Of an old and memorable Postmaster in this city, General Bailey, who filled the office from 1804 to 1828, Mr. TAYLOR's paper presented some agreeable reminiscences, from the pen of Mr. Francis Hall of the *Commercial Advertiser*.

"You ask me," says Mr. H., "to furnish you with some reminiscences of those times when our City Post office was under the di-

rection of our good friend, General Bailey. I will go no further back than 1805, when 'The General Post office,' as it was then called by many, was located on the corner of Garden and William streets, in a small room, not large enough for a cigar-shop at the present day. The house was what is now termed a "three-quarter house;" the General's family occupying the south end, which consisted of two good-sized parlors, and on the north the Post office. So far as my memory serves me, the office was about twelve feet wide and twenty in length. On the front, on William street, was a small recess for the accommodation of those who were waiting for letters. The only boxes for subscribers were placed in this small space, which, for some years, answered very well. In the interior was a table in the centre, leaving space enough to get round and 'box the letters' for the mails. Around the sides were boxes or pigeon-holes for the letters to be placed in after they had been marked. On the north wall the 'Printers' boxes' were placed, some half dozen at that time. At the west end of the room, between the end of the 'long table' and the Franklin fireplace, the mail-bags were deposited, both those coming in and those going out. By and by, a little more room (table-room) was wanted, and our good General ordered his carpenter, Mr. Crane, to put a small circular board at the second window on Garden street. This was a great relief for a time, as it answered both as a writing-stand for the General, and for the opening of the small 'mails.' The march being onward, more room was demanded, and the General was compelled to give up his little back parlor, adjoining the office. This, again, was a great relief, affording sufficient space for all the letter-carriers to assort their letters. Here were Mr. Davie, Mr. Lynch, and then Mr. Forrester, and one or two others whose names have escaped me. About this time there were only three or four regular clerks, Messrs. Stephens, and John and Robert Bailey, sons of the General. A third son assisted occasionally. Soon after, Mr. McCready and Mr. Wiley came into the office, both exceedingly active. I never knew men more active in 'boxing letters' than those gentlemen. The newspapers were generally assorted by Mr. Lang of the Gazette, Mr. Butler of the Mercantile, Mr. Burnham of the Post, or the writer of this. In after time we were joined by Mr. Noah. The writer of this might be termed a regular assistant, as he had taken the oath then required, and was generally at the office morning and evening, especially when a 'British mail' arrived, or

a merchant vessel from England. The British mail was then monthly. When the mail arrived it was taken to the office of agent Moore, and after passing his inspection was sent to the Post office. The letters by the merchants' ships were sometimes numerous, especially by the favorite ships. I think Captain Isaac Waite brought the largest number of any ship before the 'Black Ball' line was established. We had then no steamboats; and for some time after they were established, the mails were not sent by them. They were carried in a bag which the steward of the boat brought to the Post office, and received two cents for each letter. The largest mails then received and sent were the eastern and southern; the latter at that time taking all mail matter for the western states, which were comparatively few. If the 'great mail' filled more than one portmanteau, including papers and letters, it was an extraordinary circumstance. I believe you have now two sets of clerks in the office, one for the day, the other for the night. At my earliest recollection there was but little night work, except the arrival of a ship, or the waiting for a mail. It was not a very easy task sometimes to get all the letters ready for the morning mails. The letter-carriers that could be found were called in to assist. Mr. Lynch, residing not a great way off, was generally at his post. One resided 'as far up as Spring street,' and that great distance assured his safety from a call on an extra occasion. The General was always with us, and we then knew what was going on in the political world. Every daily paper was represented on most evenings; besides these, we frequently had some two or three of the following gentlemen: Governor George Clinton, De Witt Clinton, Samuel Osgood, Daniel Smith, Dr. S. L. Mitchell, Dr. John A. Graham, Dr. Walker, Judge Miller, Pierre Van Wyck, Judge Tallmadge, General Tallmadge, John Ferguson, William Van Hook, Richard Riker. If these gentlemen wanted a good glass of wine, or an excellent cigar, they knew either could be obtained in the 'back parlor of the Post office.'

"General Bailey was succeeded in the Post office by Samuel L. Gouverneur, the son-in-law of ex-President Monroe. He was appointed by John Quincy Adams, and held the office for about eight years. In 1836 Congress passed a law requiring Postmasters to be appointed for four years only, at the expiration of which period a re-appointment or a new appointment must be made. Where a Postmaster's compensation exceeds \$1,000 per annum, he is appointed by the President, 'by and with the advice



and consent of the Senate;' but the 'small fry,' whose 'name is legion,' are appointed by the Postmaster General.

"Those Postmasters who are appointed by the President and Senate are not always certain to retain their places till the Commission expires; for if a new administration of opposite politics comes into power, they are 'decapitated' speedily, as several instances have occurred in the history of the Post office.

"In 1836 John I. Coddington, Esq., was appointed by President Jackson, and re-appointed in 1840 by President Van Buren. In 1843 Col. John L. Graham was appointed by President Tyler. In 1845 Robert H. Morris, Esq., was appointed by President Polk. Mr. Morris served a full term of four years. He was succeeded by our present much-respected Postmaster, William V. Brady, Esq., who was appointed in May, 1849, by Gen. Taylor.

"In a period, then, of sixty years there have been only seven Postmasters, including the present incumbent, for this city; all of whom, except Col. Bauman and Gen. Bailey, are still living in this city, with the exception of Mr. Gouverneur, who resides on his farm in Virginia. Mr. Jefferson's celebrated saying has been fully verified in this brief history of our Postmasters—'*that few die, and none resign.*' It is said that Gen. Bailey was the first Postmaster who put up boxes in the Post office for the accommodation of merchants and others in this city. I have been credibly informed, that when the suggestion was first made to him to put up such boxes—say 100 or 200—he declined on the ground that enough could not be rented to pay for their being made; but being further pressed, and an offer being made to indemnify him against loss, a few boxes were put up, which number has been increased from time to time, till it has reached nearly 3,600. At that time 100 boxes could hardly be rented at \$2 50 each—in 1851 scarcely a vacant box can be had out of 3,600 at \$4 per annum. There are a few persons still living, and occupying boxes, who were among the first subscribers, and have the same numbers as at first. My own recollection goes back to 1819, and in many cases the same family names are now found on the boxes.

"As it regards the number of persons employed in the New York Post office in 1819, there were 6 clerks and 6 letter-carriers only. Now there are 92 clerks and 41 carriers.

"The great increase of business at the New York Post office places in the strongest light the wonderful strides made in popu-

lation, wealth, and business, within a few years. It is well known that the business part of this city is rapidly extending upward to a line drawn across at Chambers street, and that line will soon reach Canal street. It is but a few years since the latter-named street was quite 'up town;' and so late as 1836 to 1843, when the Post office was located in the Rotunda, in the *Park*, that was considered quite beyond the centre of business. It is difficult to say where 'up town' is now, or where it will likely be found in 1880.

"In 1817 Mr. Joseph Dodd was appointed to carry the 'Great Southern Mail' to and from the Post office to Paulis's Hook, using his own boat for that purpose, long before steam ferry-boats were used there for carrying passengers across the river. Mr. Dodd met with many serious delays in contending with the ice, so that he has been several times frozen fast, being unable to reach either shore, and in great danger of perishing from exposure. Mr. Dodd is still an attaché of the Post office. Up to as late a period as 1823 or 1824, an ordinary wheelbarrow was all that was required to convey the 'Great Southern and Northern Mails' to and from the Post office and the wharves of landings, and the Boston mail was carried in stages, which used to drive up to the office doors as lately as 1824 and '25.

"In regard to the various locations occupied by the Post office, it is well known that it has been very migratory. Soon after Gen. Bailey was appointed, he purchased the house No. 29 William street, corner of Garden street (now Exchange Place), where it remained till 1825. During the prevalence of the Yellow Fever in the summer of 1822, the office was temporarily removed to Asylum street, now Fourth street (Greenwich Village).

"In 1826 it was removed to the Old School house, in Garden street, opposite the Garden street Church: there it remained for one year only, when it was removed to the Merchants' Exchange; but that building having been destroyed in the great fire of 1835, the Post office was again 'put on wheels,' and after tarrying a few days in the old Custom house building in Pine street, it was again in motion, and became stationary for about seven years in the old Rotunda in the *Park*; but this place, the only one that could then be obtained, was considered so far up town that a branch office had to be established near the old location, in William street, for the accommodation of the merchants, who were, in 1836, mostly located below a line drawn across the city at Fulton street.

"In February, 1844, the Post office was removed to its present position in the Middle Dutch Church, where the public are pretty well accommodated; but still the office is not such an one as the Government should provide for this great and growing city. Some alterations and improvements have been made, which have facilitated the transactions of its business; but a good time now presents itself to have such an office provided as will answer for the wants of the city when its population will be, say two millions, as it will probably be in thirty years from this time.

"In 1790 the population of this city was about 30,000; in 1820 123,000; in 1850 it had reached 517,000, more than quadruple. Looking, then, at what has transpired within the last sixty years (but a lifetime of threescore years), what may not be looked for at the expiration of another lifetime of sixty years?

In reviewing the Post office establishment from its infancy, we are struck with the amazing increase of its business. In 1790 we find that there were but 75 Post offices in the United States, and the revenue was a little rising of \$37,000. There are now upwards of 20,000 Post offices, and the revenue for the past year nearly six millions of dollars! The mail facilities of the country have, in a good degree, kept pace with the

increase of our population and commerce; for, in 1824, it required fifty-seven days to get an answer to a letter written to New Orleans—now it requires only seventeen days. The cheap postage law having gone into effect on the 1st July, I am not prepared at present to furnish any statistics of its operations, our quarterly accounts not being quite completed. It has, however, caused a great increase in the number of letters passing through the mails, and so far as we are able to judge, about *four-fifths* of them are prepaid either in money or by stamps. There will, doubtless, be a great falling off in the department for the present year. For the quarter ending 30th June last past, there were sent to foreign countries, including California, 562,095 letters; received from the same places, 531,030—192,000 of which were for the city alone. The amount of postage collected for the same quarter, exceeded \$147,000. The number of letters sent to foreign countries, including California, for the quarter ending the 30th September, is 602,362  
Number received from the same, 587,578

Total,	1,189,940
Showing an increase of letters to and from foreign countries and California, over the preceding quarter, of <i>more than</i> 96,000.	

#### MAINE FOREST LIFE.

No work has yet been issued devoted to the important topic of which this work treats. The lumberman has been left in his forest pretty much as until within no very great number of years back were the mighty monarch pines of the forest which now fall by thousands beneath his vigorously swung axe. We all knew that the pine forests of Maine were vast and matchless—that our noble packet ships obtained from them their tall masts, and that the cutting of these masts, and of the immense amount of other timber annually supplied from these forests, involved much labor, skill, and energy, but of the minutiae of these matters less was known by those not personally interested in them than of the gambols of the Brocken in the Harz Forest.

But as the woodman's axe reaches in time the tall pine, however remote, so is he in turn reached by the pen of that indefatigable, we might almost say ubiquitous, individual, "the chiel takin' notes." His whole

course of life and adventure is now before the public in one not over thick duodecimo, easily compassable by time and purse. The "chiel," it is proper to state, is himself a woodman; he has handled the axe as well as the pen—has passed his winter in camp, worked his adventurous course up and down the troubled waters of the Penobscot, felled many a tree and killed many a bear, and sitting down in the comforts of civilization to write all this to us, cannot repress the wish to be at it again.

The work is divided into three parts. "First catch your hare," says worthy Mrs. Glasse, before she tells us how to cook him, so our writer, in Part First, puts the trees of the forest peculiar to Maine before us, prior to commencing the work of demolition. This being briefly and pleasantly accomplished, the narrative portion of the work commences in Part Second, after a description of the various species of pine trees found in our Northern forests.

The woodman's first care is the choice of a field of operations. The time of action being the winter, this must be attended to in the autumn.

"Two or three men accustomed to the business take the necessary provisions, which usually consist of ship-bread, salt pork, tea, sugar, or molasses; for cooking utensils, a coffee-pot or light tea-kettle, a tin dipper, sometimes a frying-pan, a woollen blanket or two for bedclothes, and an axe, with gun and ammunition; all of which are put on board a *skiff*, if the exploration is to be on the St. Croix, or on a *bateau* if on the Penobscot River, with two sets of propellers, setting poles for rapids, and paddles to be used on dead water."

"Camping out" by night, and pushing vigorously on by day, the region to be explored is reached. The *bateau* is hauled on shore, the luggage divided into parcels and shouldered, and the party strike into the forest. Observations are soon taken from a ridge, or *horseback*, which is "an extremely curious ridge, and consists of sand and gravel, built up exactly like the embankments for railroads, the slope on either side being about 30°, while it rises above the surrounding lowlands from thirty to ninety feet," or if in lowlands, by climbing a tree.

"When an ascent is to be made, the Spruce tree is generally selected, principally for the superior facilities which its numerous limbs afford the climber. To gain the first limbs of this tree, which are from twenty to forty feet from the ground, a smaller tree is undercut and lodged against it, clambering up which the top of the Spruce is reached. In some cases, when a very elevated position is desired, the Spruce tree is lodged against the trunk of some lofty Pine, up which we ascend to a height twice that of the surrounding forest.

"From such a treetop, like a mariner at the masthead upon the 'look-out' for whales (for indeed the Pine is the whale of the forest), large 'clumps' and 'veins' of Pine are discovered, whose towering tops may be seen for miles around. Such views fill the bosom of timber-hunters with an *intense interest*. They are the object of his search, his treasure, his *El Dorado*, and they are beheld with peculiar and thrilling emotions. To detail the process more minutely, we should observe that the man in the tree-top points out the direction in which the pines are seen; or, if hid from the view of those below by the surrounding foliage, he breaks a small limb, and throws it in the direction in which they appear, while a man at the base marks the direction indicated by the falling limb by a compass which he holds in his hand, the compass being quite as necessary in the wilderness as on the pathless ocean."

The "clumps" and "veins" being duly explored, and the facilities for hauling to

stream ascertained, the party return to the boat and so descend the stream, unless some bear has meanwhile come along and torn it to pieces for the sake of the tar with which it is besmeared, in which case they must return on foot.

Supplies of provisions are now transported to the locality of operations for the winter, a process involving much difficulty and danger.

"I am not familiar with any kind of labor which tests a man's physical abilities and powers of endurance more than boating supplies up river. The labor of carrying by falls, and portages from lake to lake, imposes a heavy tax upon the body. Barrels of pork, flour, and other provisions, too heavy for one man to carry alone, are slung to a pole by the aid of ropes, one man being at either end, and thus we clamber, under our heavy burdens, over rocks, the trunks of fallen trees, slippery roots, and through mud-sloughs, sometimes without any path, through the thickets and groves of trees. The boat is turned bottom upwards, the gunwales resting upon the shoulders of three men, two abreast near the bows, and one at the stern. In this position we pass over the same route through which the provisions have been carried to the next landing, where the goods are again reshipped, and we proceed by water on lake or stream, with the alternate routine of paddling, poling, and lugging, until the place of destination is reached.

"Persons wholly unacquainted with river navigation can have but an imperfect idea of the skill as well as nerve brought into requisition in taking a heavy-laden *bateau*, *skiff*, or canoe up over rapids. Let such a person stand upon the banks of the river, and survey some places over which these frail boats, loaded to the gunwale, pass, and he would not only regard the thing as exceedingly difficult and hazardous, but as altogether impossible; with the inexperienced it would, indeed, be both, but our skilful watermen will perform it with the greatest dexterity. Should any traveller chance to take an up-river trip with those boatmen, I am quite sure his observations would confirm my statement respecting them."

The precise locality of the camp being decided, the ground is cleared of trees, leaves, and the upper turf, as a precaution against fire, and the edifice, a long log cabin, is erected. We will take our readers within doors—

"The interior arrangement is very simple. One section of the area of the camp is used for the dining-room, another for the sleeping apartment, and a third is appropriated to the kitchen. These apartments are not denoted by partitioned walls, but simply by small poles some six inches in diameter, laid upon the floor of the camp (which is the pure loam), running in various directions, and thus forming square areas of dif-



ferent dimensions, and appropriated as above suggested. The head board to our bed consists of one or more logs, which form also the back wall of the camp. The foot-board is a small pole, some four or six feet from the fire. Our bedstead is mother earth, upon whose cool but maternal bosom we strew a thick coating of hemlock, cedar, and fir boughs. The width of this bed is determined by the number of occupants, varying from ten to twenty feet. Bed-clothes are suited to the width of the bed by sewing quilts and blankets together. The occupants, as a general thing, throw off their outer garments only when they "turn in" for the night. These hardy sons of the forest envy not those who roll on beds of down; their sleep is sound and invigorating; they need not court the gentle spell, turning from side to side, but, quietly submitting, sink into its profound depths.

"Directly over the foot-pole, running parallel with it, and in front of the fire, is the '*deacon seat*.'" I think it would puzzle the greatest lexicographer of the age to define the word, or give its etymology as applied to a seat, which indeed it is, and nothing more nor less than a seat; but, so far as I can discover from those most deeply learned in the antiquarianism of the logging swamp, it has nothing more to do with deacons, or deacons with it, than with the pope. The seat itself, though the name be involved in a mystery, is nothing less nor more than a plank hewn from the trunk of a Spruce-tree some four inches thick by twelve inches wide, the length generally corresponding with the width of the bed, raised some eighteen inches above the foot-pole, and made stationary. This seat constitutes our sofa or settee, to which we add a few stools, which make up the principal part of our camp furniture."

The cabin and outhouse for the oxen completed, the "main" and "branch roads" to the stream are planned and cleared—

"No pencilling can excel the graceful curves found in a main road as it winds along through the forest, uniform in width of track, hard-beaten and glassy in its surface, polished by the sled and logs which are so frequently drawn over it. Each fall of snow, when well trodden, not unlike repeated coats of paint on a rough surface, serves to cover up the unevenness of the bottom, which in time becomes very smooth and even. And besides, no street in all our cities is so beautifully studded with trees, whose spreading branches affectionately interlace, forming graceful archways above. Along this roadside, on the way to the landing, runs a serpentine pathway for the '*knight of the goad*,' whose deviations are marked now outside this tree, then behind that '*windfall*,' now again intercepting the main road, skipping along like a dog at one's side. To pass along this road in mid-winter, one would hardly suspect the deformities which the dissolving snows reveal in the spring—the stumps and knolls, skids and roots, with a full share of mud-sloughs, impassable to

all except man, or animals untrammelled with the harness.

"In the process of making these roads, the first thing in order is to look out the best location for them. This is done by an experienced hand, who '*spots*' the trees where he wishes the road to be '*swamped*.' We usually begin at the landing, and cut back towards the principal part of the timber to be hauled.

"In constructing this road, first all the underbrush is cut and thrown on one side; all trees standing in its range are cut close to the ground, and the trunks of prostrated trees cut off and thrown out, leaving a space from ten to twelve feet wide. The tops of the highest knolls are scraped off, and small poles, called skids, are laid across the road in the hollows between.

"Where a brook or slough occurs, a pole-bridge is thrown across it.

"These preparatory arrangements are entered upon and prosecuted with a degree of interest and pleasure by lumbermen scarcely credible to those unacquainted with such a mode of life and with such business. Though not altogether unacquainted with other occupations and other sources of enjoyment, still to such scenes my thoughts run back for the happier portions of life and experience."

By the time these preliminaries are accomplished winter sets in, the teams arrive, and all is ready for action. The division of labor among the members of the camp is as follows:

"First, then, comes the "*boss*," or the principal in charge. Then the choppers, meaning those who select, fell, and cut the logs, one of whom is master chopper. Next the swamper, who cut and clear the roads through the forest to the fallen trees, one of whom is master swamper. Then comes the barker and loader, the man who hews off the bark from that part of the log which is to drag on the snow, and assists the teamster in loading. Then we have the captain of the goad, or teamster, whom we have already alluded to; and finally the cook, whose duty is too generally known to require any particular description."

The third part of the book is devoted to "*River Life*," the passage of the logs down stream in the spring, after they are felled—the most difficult and adventurous part of that portion of the business is the treatment of

#### A JAM.

"On the falls, and the more difficult portions of the river, sometimes immense jams form. In the commencement, some unlucky log swings across the narrow chasm, striking some protruding portions of the ledge, and stops fast; others come on, and, meeting this obstruction, stick fast also, until thousands upon thousands form one dense breast-work, against and through which a boiling, leaping river rushes with terrible

force. Who that is unaccustomed to such scenes, on viewing that pile of massive logs, now densely packed, cross-piled, and interwoven in every conceivable position in a deep chasm with overhanging cliffs, with a mighty column of rushing water, which, like the heavy pressure upon an arch, confines the whole more closely, would decide otherwise than that the mass must lay in its present position, either to decay or be moved by some extraordinary convulsion? Tens of thousands of dollars' worth lay in this wild and unpromising position. The property involved, together with the exploits of daring and feats of skill to be performed in breaking that 'jam,' invest the whole with a degree of interest not common to the ordinary pursuits of life, and but little realized by many who are even familiar with the terms *lumber* and *river-driving*. In some cases many obstructing logs are to be removed singly. Days and weeks sometimes are thus expended before the channel is cleared. In other cases a single point only is to be touched, and the whole jam is in motion. To hit upon the most vulnerable point is the first object; the best means of effecting it next claims attention; then the consummation brings into requisition all the physical force, activity, and courage of the men, more especially those engaged at the dangerous points.

"From the neighboring precipice overhanging the scene of operation, a man is suspended by a rope round his body, and lowered near to the spot where a breach is to be made, which is always selected at the lower edge of the jam. The point may be treacherous, and yield to a feeble touch, or it may require much strength to prove it. In the latter case, the operator fastens a long rope to a log, the end of which is taken down stream by a portion of the crew, who are to give a long pull and strong pull when all is ready. He then commences prying while they are pulling. If the jam starts, or any part of it,

or if there be even an indication of its starting, he is drawn suddenly up by those stationed above; and, in their excitement and apprehensions for his safety, this is frequently done with such haste as to subject him to bruises and scratches upon the sharp pointed ledges or bushes in the way. It may be thought best to cut off the key-log, or that which appears to be the principal barrier. Accordingly, he is let down on to the jam, and as the place to be operated upon may in some cases be a little removed from the shore, he either walks to the place with the rope attached to his body, or, untying it, leaves it where he can readily grasp it in time to be drawn from his perilous position. Often, where the pressure is direct, a few blows only are given with the axe, when the log snaps in an instant with a loud report, followed suddenly by the violent motion of the 'jam'; and, ere our bold river-driver is jerked half way to the top of the cliff, scores of logs, in wildest confusion, rush beneath his feet, while he yet dangles in air, above the rushing, tumbling mass. If that rope, on which life and hope hang thus suspended, should part, worn by the sharp point of some jutting rock, death, certain and quick, would be inevitable.

"The deafening noise when such a jam breaks, produced by the concussion of moving logs whirled about like mere straws, the crash and breaking of some of the largest, which part apparently as easily as a reed is severed, together with the roar of waters, may be heard for miles; and nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of the river-drivers on such occasions, jumping, hurraing, and yelling with joyous excitement."

The volume concludes with a description of the wild and beautiful streams of the State. Numerous bear stories are scattered through, and exciting tales of forest perils, forming altogether a work agreeable for perusal, as well as valuable for information.

#### IN CALM AND STORM.

My soul is like a sea—in calms,  
'Round continents and isles of palms,  
Impelled by winds of odorous balms,  
It bears 'neath blue and tropic skies,  
Proud fleets and richest argosies:  
Proud fleets of high and wild desires;  
Rich argosies of vestal fires,  
Love's glowing hopes and holy dreams—  
Ambition's fierce and fitful gleams—  
And, beating on the shining sands  
Of many strange and fabled lands,  
That lie in fancy's golden zone,  
It claims and makes them all its own.

But, when, along the changeful skies,  
The clouds and tempests sudden rise,  
Proud fleets and richest argosies—  
With all their freightage whelm'd and  
    strown—  
Lie wrecked along the golden zone:  
Obscured are all the waving palms,  
And fled the winds of odorous balms;  
Dissolved the strange and fabled lands;  
Dispersed the white and shining sands;  
And only to my soul remains  
Life's real, barren hills and plains.

C. D. STUART.

## FAMILIAR TALK WITH OUR READERS.

DEAR READER—The year draws to a close, and we are once again face to face, in friendly chat with you. We see you smiling and hopeful of entertainment. You cannot know in what mood we write: whether we are sad or gay, whether fortune is for or against us; whether we are triumphant in our daily walk, or that our "enemies prevail against us in the gate."

It is enough, perhaps, for you to know that we are here, in this Conversation room of the DOLLAR, together. We are glad to see you: for we feel an indescribable sympathy which is a sure bond. And with this greeting we begin to "talk" with you once more.

... The Americans certainly do something in a way of their own; for instance they have a way in this city of publishing spicy weekly newspapers at 2 cents a copy, and bestowing upon them a support of 10, 20 and 30 thousand a week. Among them we notice the New York REVELLE, from which we select for the entertainment of our readers a few piquant paragraphs—under the impression that some of them may fancy just such a weekly visitor! And now they will know where to find it. The first is given as an "extraordinary city item."

FIRE.—Mr. Augustus Schröder-Snaps, the eminent teacher of German, in Avenue C, by holding his head too close to the lamp on Tuesday night, set his hair on fire, and burnt down his whole crop, to the last hair. His friends have started a subscription to buy him a wig. At a large and enthusiastic meeting, held at Meyer's "Wertshaus," on Friday last, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

1. "Whereas, our respected fellow-citizen, Herr Augustus Schröder-Snaps, is a German, from Faderland.

2. "Resolved, that we have heard, with great pain, that he has lost his entire head of hair.

3. "That inasmuch as this great calamity was occasioned to Herr Snaps in his too ardent pursuit of learning.

4. "Therefore, resolved, that we subscribe one penny a-piece, so that everybody may have a chance, till a sufficient sum is made up to buy for the professor one of Bachelor's best wigs.

5. "Resolved, that a committee of nine be appointed to wait upon Herr Snaps, with a copy of these resolutions, and desire from him whether he prefers a bob or a full bottom.

6. "Resolved, that we tender our sincere condolence and sympathies to everybody on account of this great calamity.

7. "Resolved, lastly, that we proceed immediately to convey our high sense of respect for the character of the distinguished afflicted, by immediately taking a drink all round.

"This last proposition was received with unbounded cheers. Herr Meyer's beer was good—and the other resolutions remain to be acted upon."

WHAT'S THE H'ODDS!—In the Fourteenth Ward, one of the candidates for Assistant Alderman, though now possessing wealth, was once a hod-carrier, and has still in his possession the identical hod with which he descended from a scaffolding while the procession in honor of President Jackson's visit to this city in 1830 was passing by.

When this little incident was mentioned in the presence of a recently arrived cockney of the radical school, he observed, 'As if a man's business should make any difference in this ere republican country. He may be a merchant-prince, or he may be a hod-carrier—what's the h'odds!'"

THE DUTCH COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR.—Nothing gratifies us more than to receive, from such of our readers as keep an eye and ear open to what is going on around them, anecdotes of their neighborhood, like this—which we have among our week's correspondence, from S. C. M.

"The other day I went over to a Dutch grocery, to get a \$1 bill changed. The Dutchman had heard of \$10 bills being altered from 1; he took the ten I offered him, and held it to the light. "What are you doing that for?" I inquired. His answer was brilliant. 'I wish to see if dish bill have been altered from a \$10.'"

Worthy of Nicholas Biddle—decidedly!

NOT SO BAD.—"The special reporter of this office encountered the 'hatless prophet,' George Munday, in Broadway, on Saturday, and remarking that he could not see that he was much changed, George replied, that 'other people had their Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and so on, to go through, and therefore they must grow old faster than himself; for he was always Munday.'"

Pretty good for George!

PERFECTLY NATURAL.—"Daniel de Foe, the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' and a great many less known romances, was the son of a hosier, which (Mr. Pinfeather says) accounts for his propensity to spin yarns."

WITHIN ONE (LETTER) OF IT.—"From the frequent brilliant introduction of references to the stomachs of such public performers as the *Home Journal* cannot stomach, that paper is to be known hereafter as the 'AMERICAN PAUNCH.'"

JENNY LIND AND THE PRESS.—"In spite of their energetic notices, by the column, M'lle Lind does not appear disposed to flatter the American Press, if we may judge from the tone of a passage of a letter of hers dated at Niagara



Falls, Oct. 3, and addressed to her counsel in this city. She says—

" \* \* I have not the *most remote idea* of ever again returning to the stage; and although I usually treat with perfect indifference the reports and sayings of writers in newspapers, or otherwise, yet I should feel really thankful to you to state that no inducement whatever can tend to make me change my mind in reference to the resolution I have adopted to quit the stage."

... THE "HAAS"-OTYPE.—From their peculiar excellence we find some of our brethren of the press disposed to signalize the daguerreotype pictures taken by Mr. PHILLIP HAAS, by a special name. In finish, color, and artistic disposition of person, and light and shade, Mr. Haas's daguerreotypes may certainly claim attention among those of all his competitors. They are beautiful pictures, and seem to our judgment as near perfection as that art admits of.

... KOSSUTH'S MANUSCRIPT NEWSPAPER.—As everything relating to this great patriot, who will be amongst us perhaps before our present sheet is dry, is of interest to our community, we lay before our readers a brief account of his struggles in an attempt to publish a liberal newspaper in Hungary.

"With funds contributed by some of the deputies, he procured a lithographic press, with the view of disseminating his journal at as cheap a rate as possible, though not without some profit to himself, through all the comitats or districts of Hungary. The experiment took with the people; but the Austrian spies became alarmed, and soon the central government ordered the paper to be suppressed. Kossuth's party in the Diet (the Hungarian Congress) resisted. It would not do to put down the liberal journal, and the matter was compromised by buying out the press. But this did not stop the paper. It was published in manuscript, and though the price was raised, of necessity, the experiment still succeeded. The price was, indeed, raised to six florins for the monthly amount of the journal, of which one or two sheets were issued twice a week; the number of readers decreased, but still each district was a customer for from one to six copies. In the towns several societies paid in advance, and many deputies contributed individually, for it was found that the speeches of subscribers and benefactors were improved and enriched under Kossuth's treatment, and reputation and popularity flowed from his pen. The enterprise was altogether a hit, and Kossuth soon arrived not only at covering his expenses, but at some consideration in a country of which he influenced with a progressive force the representative body, their discussions, and their decisions; while, at the same time, he acquired numerous followers, in a body of young copyists, who remained in after times his zealous adherents."

... Dramatic Literature is certainly looking up, as we judge from a new tragedy in a green

cover which has been laid on our table. The title is "Bozzaris—a Tragedy in five acts." We give the opening with a few marginal comments of our own to make it intelligible.

### BOZZARIS.

ACT I—SCENE I.

*Time, twilight. The Greek Camp. Enter Staikos and Londos.*

I tell thee, Londos that I like it not.  
Hath age destroyed my courage?

LONDOS.

It requires  
Much more than I can boast of to assert it.

STAIKOS.

Is my arm feeble? feel of it, good Londos—  
[*Feels his arm—six inches around.*]  
Is there not muscle there? and then my legs;  
[*Feels his legs—one foot one inch in circumference.*]

Look at them I beseech thee.

[*Looks at them as requested.*]

Is there not

A firmness in my tread? Younger there are,  
That I will grant indeed; but none more fit  
To scale a wall or leap a counterescarp,  
[*Jumps up and down several times on the floor.*]

LONDOS.

They have in truth a most rare symmetry,  
And must have caus'd some heartaches in times  
past.

STAIKOS.

And why not cause them still? I am not old,  
Except in years. Note well my lineaments;  
See you the marks of age?  
[*Londos shakes his head; acknowledges thereby that he sees nothing.*]

LONDOS.

It would require  
A sharper eye than I am bless'd withal  
To point them out. Time hath forgotten thee;  
Or rather when he drew his brush athwart  
Thy visage, he forgot to moisten it.

STAIKOS.

Say rather, the old painter, being wise,  
Knew better than to spoil a proper man,  
When such are scarce and needed. I boast not;  
Yet that there is about me something more  
Than the mere semblance of a man, was prov'd  
E'en in our last encounter with the Turk.

LONDOS.

You bore yourself right valiantly, as I  
Myself can testify. I counted two  
That you made shorter by the head.

[*Grins, ghastly.*]

STAIKOS.

But two?

Then you miscounted, Londos; there were four;  
Four stalwart Ottomans, as my sword can  
witness;

Besides some half a score of minor note,  
Whose sleeves I slash'd, and in such handsome  
style

They'd serve for patterns. Notwithstanding this,  
I am discarded like a spavin'd charger.  
I am left here with these few rank and file;

Where they all came from, Heaven knows—  
no matter:

I am left here coop'd up [*a game chicken*] with  
this same rabble

To rust as 'twere: and for what purpose think  
you?

LONDOS.

Why, to keep watch and ward.

[*Ought to be one of our city watch.*]

... PHILIPS, SAMPSON & Co. have added to the Library stock a most valuable book in the "Life of Sterling by THOMAS CARLYLE"—a thorough examination of the literary career, written in a bold style of comment and sympathy: it has already attracted general attention, and will, we are safe in asserting, prove one of the most successful and substantial of the enterprises of the popular publishers.

... HARPER & BROTHERS, with unabated activity, send forth their (almost) daily volume: ranging over the entire field of publication including their "MONTHLY," with that most spirited and interesting Life of Napoleon by Mr. Abbott (one of the best popular biographies we have read in a long while). "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," by Professor Cressey. New numbers of that patriotic hit, LOSSING's Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution. Mayhew's London Labor and the London Poor. A useful abstract and compend of English Literature by MILLS: and other valuable publications in every department.

... The Captains of the Old World, by Mr. H. W. HERBERT, issues from the Press of CHARLES SCRIBNER, in handsome equipment of paper, print, and embellishment. Mr. Herbert's talents as a narrator are generally acknowledged; and in this work we have the double guarantee of a skilful hand in the author, and a judicious publisher to whom we are constantly indebted for an increase of our readable books.

... JOHN BALL, Esq. (of 48 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, and 56 Gravier Street, New Orleans), has laid us under obligations with a timely work, "Hungary and Kossuth," by Dr. TEFFT—written in a clear and unaffected style—examining the history of Hungary and the career of Kossuth in a spirit of manly sympathy, and furnishing just such information as the American public most desire at this time, in reference to a man and a country which have, by late decisive movements, placed themselves in the vanguard of modern history. We count Mr. Ball among the best and worthiest book-issuers of our country!

... Dainty volumes of Poetry drop from the press of TICKNOR, REID & FIELDS, as naturally as pippins from an apple tree, and to them we are accordingly indebted for a work by R. H. STODDARD, and another by BAYARD TAYLOR; both pleasant to read, showing improvement and an excellent promise for the future. They also give us a new edition of that widely-circulated treatise on the Philosophy of Health by Dr. COLES. And a volume of special merit, in neatness of style, honest

simplicity of sentiment and home-truthfulness, "Florence," by Mrs. LEE. A special gift of this classical house, for the month, has been "SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY"—a selection of the Coverley papers from the Spectator, beautifully printed in the style of the original issue, and quaintly carrying us back to the times in which the odd knight flourished: a delightful book to hold in the hand at the winter fire-side.

... To the publications of Messrs. HARPERS for the month, are to be added "Forest Life and Forest Trees," by T. S. SPRINGER; also a curious account of the Great Exhibition in a prose rhapsody. "The Lilly and the Bee," by Warren, the celebrated author of the "Diary of a Physician."

... No month passes by that we are not under obligation to Messrs. APPLETON & Co. for works of solid excellence—such as among their recent issues, a convenient little hand-book of "French Conversations," by GUSTAVE CHOUQUET; and a class-book of Chemistry by EDWARD L. YOUNG, to which there is a companion-piece in the shape of an ingenious Chart, commended by the chief authorities in the country as clear, conspicuous in arrangement, and serviceable to the memory in committing the Elements of Chemistry.

... M. W. DODD has published the "Manual of Atonement," and "Gospel Harmony," among his standard works; which interest a large section of the religious world, and are always well worthy of purchase and preservation.

... SHERMAN, ADRIANCE & Co. add to the stock of current American Poetry a volume of much merit and promise, in FISH's Poems.

... In the new Life of "JOHN STERLING," the "DELTA" of Blackwood by Carlyle, we have this curious passage in regard to his father Edward Sterling, who was, for many years, the writer of the leaders in the London Times, at a stipend it is reported of \$10,000 per year:

"A good judge of men's talents has been heard to say of Edward Sterling: 'There is not a faculty of improvising equal to this in all my circle. Sterling rushes out into the clubs, into London society, rolls about all day, copiously talking modish nonsense or sense, and listening to the like, with the multifarious miscellany of men; comes home at night; redacts it into a Times Leader—and is found to have hit the essential purport of the world's immeasurable babblement that day, with an accuracy beyond all other men. This is what the multifarious Babel sound did mean to say in clear words; this, more nearly than anything else. Let the most gifted intellect, capable of writing epic, try to write such a Leader for the Morning Newspapers! No intellect but Edward Sterling's can do it. An improvising faculty without parallel in my experience.' In this 'improvising faculty,' much more nobly developed, as well as in other faculties and qualities with unexpectedly new and improved figure, John Sterling, to the accurate observer, showed himself very much the son of Edward. \* \* Farewell, reader, till December!